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God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together®

/ August 1968



After-Hour Jottings . . . Only a few blocks from one of the world's great natural harbors is the scene on **this month's cover**—a scene familiar to hundreds of thousands of servicemen, both in peace and during more wars than we care to remember.

You won't see a church in this picture of Broadway Street in downtown San Diego, Calif., but the absence of a steeple or cross does not mean that the church has forgotten the inner city, nor the people who swarm through it [see *Hang-Loose Mission to a City*, page 16]. Here is a mission effort that is different enough, and fruitful enough, to warrant study by churches in many other communities throughout the nation.

"I am a harried, harassed father who is trying to cope with a house full of lively, active children," says **Thomas W. Klewin** who, the last we heard, was stationed as a chaplain (Lutheran) at Loring

(Continued on page 2)

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JOTTINGS / (Continued from page 1)

Air Force Base in Maine. "I am struggling to survive until I manage to bask in the ideal situation of being a grandfather who can love and enjoy the children without having to cope with minds fast outstripping mine."

We happen to know, however, that Chaplain Klewin's children fascinate him so much that he has written about them frequently for other publications. His *A World of Relatives* [page 41] tells about an important aspect of family living away from blood relatives.

The author of *Enter, a Savage* [page 51] served as an Army chaplain in two World Wars, and in 1959 retired as a minister in Australia's New South Wales Methodist Conference. The Rev. William C. Francis served as a combatant soldier in the Gallipoli campaign during World War I and later unintentionally led a charge near Damascus, even though he was a chaplain at the time.

"I wanted a photograph, and found a convenient spot just as the order to charge was given," Mr. Francis told us. "Excited by other horses, my horse bolted and joined in the charge. Being more lightly equipped I was soon a few lengths ahead, and looked like the leader. . . . Staff officers who watched through their field glasses thought that cavalry charge, led by an unwilling padre on a bolting horse, was one of the prize jokes of the war."

You will notice that this issue features a little more nostalgia than usual. Our writers tell us about antiques, old-time general stores, the old swimming hole, and incidents that happened 40 years ago but remain fresh in memory.

Personally, we don't think nostalgia is a bad thing, as some would have us believe. Let us put it this way: While we wouldn't want to live in the past, it is a nice place to visit.

While we're on the subject of antiques, general stores, and nostalgia:

Out on the nation's party line in dim years past, millions smiled when an antique crank telephone rang in a little general store at Pine Ridge, Ark.

"Grannies, Abner, I believe that was our ring!"

"Aye, doggies, Lum, it shore was . . ." Then: "Hello, Jot-Em-Down store—this is Lum and Abner!"

For 24 years the world was a little brighter because of the gentle, homespun humor delivered in inimitable hill-country dialect by Lum and Abner, who stayed on the air probably longer than any other comedy radio team except Amos and Andy.

But, in the mid '50s, Pine Ridge was heard from no more . . . until recently, much to the delighted surprise of Associate Editor Herman B. Teeter, who at the time happened to be on his nostalgic *The Long Walk Home* [see page 22].

While hiking one afternoon last spring

in the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas, he happened to turn the dial of a pocket radio to KXOW, Hot Springs.

"There they were, Lum and Abner—like 20 or 30 years ago—coming in loud and clear," our colleague says. "For a minute I thought time had really slipped a cog."

He learned that various radio stations are rebroadcasting many of the original Lum and Abner network shows from tape recordings. Listening to them again set our writer off in search of some of the general stores he had known as a boy [also see page 47]. Then he went over to Hot Springs to "sit for a spell" with Lum, who now holds forth in the plush new public-relations offices of Lauck and Hobbs.

He found a tall, slim, distinguished-looking man surrounded by plaques, honors, and mementos; a man who, in real life, has made "a big SUC-cess of his self," an ever-frustrated aspiration of his alter ego, Lum Edwards. Lum was (is) Chester Lauck; Abner was (is) Norris Goff. The vocal genius of the two Arkansans also gave life to Grandpappy Speers, Squire Skimp, Cedric Weehunt, and many other characters who talked in an idiom seldom heard these days. Future generations may well treasure their shows as etymological masterpieces, unexcelled reproductions of an Early American language that was part Elizabethan, part pure hillbilly.

In July, 1957, TOGETHER featured Chet Lauck as an Unusual Methodist who could "drop one successful career in middle life and launch another equally rewarding" as an executive with Continental Oil Company, Houston.

Having reached retirement age as a roving ambassador of goodwill for Continental, Mr. Lauck felt the nostalgic pull of home country and embarked on another career in public relations not far from his "old stamping grounds," Mena, Ark., where he retains membership in First United Methodist Church.

Meanwhile—with Chicago, New York, Hollywood, and Houston behind him—he is making Lum and Abner available again for space-age Americans who want to listen once more to the goings-on in one general store that could not close its doors forever.

—Your Editors

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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The Case for Project Misdemeanant

THE YOUNG MAN stood alone in front of the judge's bench.

"Where is your mother?" the judge asked him.

"She died when I was nine."

"Where is your father?"

"He left before her funeral was over. I haven't seen him since."

"Where have you been living?"

"With my grandmother for awhile, but she died. Then with an aunt and uncle, but they got divorced. I have been living here and there since."

There was nothing the municipal court judge could do for the 17-year-old. He was charged with armed robbery—a felony. He would be tried in a higher court and sentenced. In his state, he could get life imprisonment for his crime.

The judge was Keith J. Leenhouts of Royal Oak, Mich. (population 80,000), a Detroit suburb. He realized only too well the tragedy that had just unfolded in front of him. Could it have been prevented?

A month or so later he was discussing the case with some acquaintances: two Protestant ministers, a Catholic priest, a psychiatrist, a psychologist, a former professional youth worker, and two junior-high-school assistant principals. Only 5 percent of the nation's lower courts, including municipal courts, have any kind of probation programs at all, the judge told them.

"Eight out of 10 major crimes of violence are committed by persons who first appeared, usually between the ages of 17 and 25, for misdemeanors in lower courts," he continued. "What can we do about it?"

Judge Leenhouts was especially concerned about young offenders because 7 out of 10 crimes in the United States are committed by persons under 25.

From that discussion, held nine years ago, has grown Project Misdemeanant, a remarkable volunteer probation program that now functions in at least 59 courts in 23 states.

The key to Project Misdemeanant programs is the volunteers—private citizens who give several hours a month to help guide people away from lives of crime.

Under Judge Leenhouts' Royal Oak plan, after which most programs are patterned, the judge can put misdemeanants on probation for as long as two years. During probation, they are brought into regular, close contact with their volunteer sponsors and with qualified specialists.

For example, Jim came from a home broken by separation and impending divorce. He had quit school while a high-school sophomore, and had been working as a manual laborer for several years. He had a good employment record. He had been in court before, convicted for breaking and entering. A juvenile at the time, he had been placed on probation for a year.

His second probation came after he pleaded guilty to a "driving without due care" charge. When placed on probation, he owned two cars. Early meetings with his probation officer were devoted mainly to a discussion of his responsibility as a licensed driver. He also attended the court's driver safety school, receiving eight hours instruction at no cost to him.

While still on probation, Jim was involved in a bad business deal that drained his savings account and cost him his steady job. His volunteer sponsor jumped to his aid. The sponsor owned a small business and managed to provide steady work for Jim at livable wages. Jim hung onto the job and saved enough to get married. He continues to work for his sponsor, and has proved himself dependable and capable.

The probation officer also put Jim and his wife in contact with a minister whose church they were interested in joining.

"This case summarizes our philosophy of probation," Judge Leenhouts says. "The securing of employment, through the volunteer sponsor, had a profound effect on this offender. He continues on probation with improved attitudes toward himself, his community, and his new marriage."

The Royal Oak Plan

From its beginning, the Royal Oak program has been a community effort. Volunteers—more than 500 of them—have included businessmen, retired people, housewives, union officials, doctors, and schoolteachers. Ninety churches stand ready to work with probationers. Methodist, Catholic, and Episcopal churches are used regularly for group meetings. Civic clubs have pledged yearly contributions, and the city's insurance agents have underwritten the cost of a school for errant drivers. Some 50 psychologists and psychiatrists actively support the program.

Project Misdemeanant's contact with individual offenders begins with presentence investigations. Before sentence is pronounced, the judge receives recommendations and evaluations from a "presentence investigator," and sometimes from a psychiatrist and from a psychologist.

Presentence investigators are vital, Judge Leenhouts emphasizes. "Any court starting a probation department . . . should first initiate a presentence department. The fact that we did not do this first is our greatest criticism of our own historical development."

If courts either fine or jail a person, he has a criminal record that follows him for life, often harming his chances to get a job or find his rightful place in society. In Royal Oak, a "work detail program" gives worthy defendants a chance to work out sentences received for misdemeanors, thereby avoiding the stigma of a criminal record.



Judge Keith J. Leenhouts, United Methodist layman who organized Project Misdemeanant, says the program depends on volunteers' ability "to comprehend and fulfill the spirit of Judeo-Christian ideas and traditions." Mrs. Marie Curnett (right), Denver volunteer, speaks with a parolee.

A defendant without a previous record can petition the court for assignment to the work detail. If accepted, he pays \$48 a month for the privilege of working for the city four Saturdays a month, and his sentencing is set aside. While on the work detail (usually lasting three months or less), the defendant reports regularly to probation department personnel. If he does satisfactory work and keeps out of further trouble, his case eventually will be dismissed and he will have no criminal record.

Of the first 163 persons assigned to this program, only one committed a second violation in Royal Oak while on probation. Two more were sentenced after they failed to co-operate. And two others received additional work assignments for failure to meet work standards.

The Royal Oak program also includes an employment counseling service, an Alcoholics Anonymous chapter (sponsored by the court), and a spiritual rehabilitation program. Under the latter, if a probationer expresses a desire to have a church home, he is contacted by a minister or layman from his denomination. The church representative then takes the probationer to church with him, thus guaranteeing a welcome for the newcomer.

It Can Work Anywhere

Judge Leenhouts has encouraged scores of courts to set up programs patterned after his Royal Oak plan. In Denver, the county court's 11 judges are putting many drunks, traffic violators, glue-sniffers, prostitutes, and others on probation in lieu of the usual fines and jail sentences. Eight hundred volunteers in that city make possible the ideal probation ratio of one offender to one caseworker.

Denver is the first large city in which the plan has been tried. Its population is more heterogeneous than Royal Oak's, and its courts handle a wider variety of lawbreakers. "Here we get everything from narcotics addiction to murders on their way to happen," says Robert Trujillo, director of Denver's two-year-old project and former parole director at the state reformatory. Nevertheless, only about 2 percent of the city's probationers so far have been "lost to state prison."

"If Project Misdemeanant works in a large city like Denver, it will work in any city," predicts Judge Leenhouts.

An average of seven potential probationers a day receive presentence evaluation in Denver. With rare exception they are under 40. Most are in their teens and twenties. Many have been arrested repeatedly for traffic violations or other misdemeanors.

Denver's volunteers range in age from 19 to 68, and come from all walks of life and numerous racial and ethnic backgrounds. They receive intensive training before seeing their first probationer.

Dr. William Afton, a consulting psychiatrist for the Denver program, praises the use of volunteers. "There's valuable psychology in the probationer's knowing that the volunteer is there because he wants to be and not because it's his job," says Dr. Afton. "The volunteer doesn't have the cynicism that a professional develops in handling offenders day after day. . . . Like a young psychiatrist, the volunteer's naiveté allows him to tackle enthusiastically 'impossible' cases because he doesn't have the old hand's knowledge that they are impossible. And every once in a while he breaks through."

Mrs. Marie Curnett is one Denver volunteer who was able to communicate with her parolee. She was matched with a 19-year-old, a third-generation welfare recipient arrested for disorderly conduct.

"She probably looked at me and thought, 'My God, another one of those do-gooders,'" Mrs. Curnett says of her first meeting with the young woman. "One day she complained that it is terrible to have to go home and care for two kids after working all day. I said, 'I can remember doing that.' This opened her up. She started to talk to me about her problems."

There is no one way to handle misdemeanants, Judge Leenhouts counsels. "Each community has special problems, and it is best to start in a small way, working out a program suited to local conditions. Start small; build spirit; copy no one. This is our basic philosophy."

Statistics from across the nation verify the wisdom

¹ Information on setting up a program for your community is available from Judge Keith J. Leenhouts, City Hall, Royal Oak, Mich. 48068.—Eds.

of such an approach. Of 790 persons on probation in Royal Oak in 1967, total violations numbered only 65. In Livonia, Mich., the municipal judge, working with 40 volunteers, raised the number of satisfactorily completed probation periods from 75 to 94 percent. One judge set up a "wonderfully successful" program with only six volunteers.

In Mission, Kans., 14 men from St. Mark's United Methodist Church currently are working with several parolees in a similar program. Judge Carolee Leek, also a Methodist, refers misdemeanants to the men. During each court session, Mrs. Leek watches for people whose law violations seem to indicate a plea for special help. Once it was a teen-ager picked up for speeding for the fifth time in a month. His wealthy parents did not have time for him, and he thought no one else cared, either. Another time it was a man who tried to steal an armload of groceries. He had found no other way to feed his six children. A well-dressed elderly woman was picked up for shoplifting. Her lapses of memory had put her in embarrassing positions before.

Each person was assigned to a sponsor for 90 days, after which time a report was made to the judge, and charges were dropped or sentences were imposed, as Judge Leek saw fit.

"It was obvious that fines and prison sentences weren't getting to the root of the matter in some cases," Mrs. Leek explains. "A lot of those people just needed to know that someone cared about them. A whole-some one-to-one relationship with a parole sponsor seemed like it might be the answer." So Mrs. Leek and a Methodist minister set up the Mission program in 1965. St. Mark's commission on Christian social concerns has promised to provide funds for expansion of the program.

Nationally, Project Misdemeanant is sponsored by the Board of Christian Social Concerns of The United Methodist Church in co-operation with the North American Judges Association, National Council on Crime and Delinquency, American Bar Association, American Correctional Association, and similar organizations.

Unlike many denominational programs, Project Misdemeanant has not proceeded through the usual channels—from board to conference to local church. Rather, it has focused on the national board's relationship with the court structure, primarily through the North American Judges Association. This organizational structure has cut red tape, made funds available immediately, and otherwise has professionalized the program.

In 1965, Project Misdemeanant received a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health. The grant provides a possible maximum of \$120,000 for a four-year study of the Royal Oak program.

More Volunteers Needed

Scores of judges, after working with Project Misdemeanant, have agreed that such a volunteer program is perhaps the most hopeful approach yet to the problem of crime prevention. "Volunteers—and many of them—are what we need," a Massachusetts judge summarizes.

The work of volunteer sponsors is challenging, demanding, and often discouraging. "The job takes a lot of time," a Kansas worker said. "But then there are a lot of people who need our help."

Denver attorney James Fairchild, Jr., felt his stint as a volunteer was a learning experience. "I know I'm better for what I've learned," he said after helping a prostitute change her ways. "I'm a very strong conservative, but what I've found out about a social group I never knew existed has made me considerably more liberal and much, much more objective. When you recognize that people may have problems different from yours, you can hear them when they holler."

Royal Oak insurance agent Peter Kramer saw his assigned offender as "a young man needing someone who will listen, whom he can trust, and who is in truth interested in him as an individual."

"If I am a good listening post and sounding board, fine. I believe that is an important part of a successful volunteer," he said. "To me it [volunteer work] is really like bringing up little children all over again. You love 'em, you discipline 'em, and you love them some more."

Great strides can be made in the continuing struggle to lead misdemeanants away from crime. But the problem will not be solved until someone in every community is willing to work with youngsters, first offenders, and other misdemeanants. The church, which so often has been accused of "dragging its feet," could become an effective anticrime force. As always, results will depend on the willingness of individuals to practice what they preach.

An inscription on the wall of a Toledo courthouse reads, "Attitudes are not changed by platitudes; but human conduct can be changed by human contact." That is what Project Misdemeanant is all about—changing lives by providing the right kind of "human contact." —MARTHA LANE

GERMAN CHURCHES UNITE, ELECT BISHOP

In Germany, where the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches are mutually strongest outside the United States, churchmen have united the two denominations and elected the first United Methodist bishop.



Bishop Sommer

He is Dr. C. Ernst Sommer of Frankfurt, who received an overwhelming majority on the first ballot at the Central Conference for a four-year term. Since 1953, Bishop Sommer has been director (president) of the theological seminary of the former Methodist Church in Germany. Son of the late Bishop J. W. E. Sommer, he is widely known for his work in Christian education.

An opening highlight of the Central Conference was a union ceremony duplicating one earlier this year in Dallas. It merged former Methodist and former EUB annual conferences into one Central Conference for Germany, where the new church is

known as the Evangelisch-methodistischen Kirche. The new united church has about 100,000 full members, another 200,000 preparatory members and constituents, and some 80 institutions.

Participating in Bishop Sommer's consecration were retiring Frankfurt Area Bishop Friedrich Wunderlich; Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, Indianapolis, Ind.; Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of New York City; Bishop Paul A. Washburn, Dayton, Ohio; Bishop Franz Shafer of the Geneva (Switzerland) Area; and Dr. Gordon Rupp, president-designate of the British Methodist Church.

Visiting the conference were Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop Walter Kempe and Pastor Martin Niemöller, a Lutheran theologian-clergyman who is a president of the World Council of Churches.

Kennedy Murder Mirrors 'Anger,' 'Alienation'

Like other Americans, United Methodists reacted with numbed grief at the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy and with growing concern over the wide-spreading cancer

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of violence in the United States.

Bishop Eugene M. Frank, president of the United Methodist Council of Bishops, said in a statement:

"Our nation rages with anger. Some are angry because of unjust and inhuman treatment at the hands of their fellowmen. Others are angry that anyone would insist upon justice. In our complex society—whether on highways, in urban ghettos, or in political dissent—uncontrolled anger becomes violence. The death of Robert Kennedy again calls Christians in our stricken nation to commit themselves anew to reconciliation."

Dr. L. Harold DeWolf, dean of Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., insisted that "more toughness, reduced civil liberties, more police power" would not bring the ministry of reconciliation urgently needed by millions of alienated Americans. While underscoring the need for stricter gun control and law enforcement, the theologian said it would be ironical indeed if America were to complete the deeds of the assassins of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and now Robert Kennedy by "shooting down the compassion for the poor, the freedom, the justice, the brotherhood, and hope for which all three victims stood."

The chapel of Washington's Methodist Building, like churches around the nation, was crowded for a memorial service.

A statement by the staff of the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns read, in part: "This country continues to consider all too calmly our domestic dangers. . . . increasing numbers of individuals believe that they are commissioned to destroy those who propose constructive changes. How many more martyrs are needed to move us?"

Former EUBs Split; Form 'Mini-Denomination'

In an expected move, 51 congregations of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church in the Pacific Northwest officially split in June to form the 6,500-member Evangelical Church of North America.

Meeting at the former Lents EUB Church in Portland, Oreg., laymen and about 80 withdrawing ministers presented their credentials to organize the "mini-denomination." At the same time, the 20 remaining congregations of the former Pacific Northwest Conference met under Bishop W. Maynard Sparks in the Milwaukie (Oreg.) EUB Church—ironically, one of the withdrawing congregations. The EUB conference subsequently went ahead

with plans to merge with corresponding former Methodist conferences in Oregon and Washington.

The split came over what some called the "liberal theology" of the new United Methodist Church. Still to be settled is the matter of church properties, which, by both Methodist and EUB law, belong to the parent denomination.

Withdrawing congregations have evidenced willingness to abide by this rule and have proposed a lump sum payment based on worth of the property and other considerations. A lack of bitterness was noted between the two parties, but the former EUB conference reserved "the right to reopen or in any manner deal with or dispose of" the local church properties.

At the Dallas Uniting Conference in late April, the EUB Pacific Northwest Conference asked permission for local churches to withdraw from the conference, and the 2,560-member Montana Conference requested permission to withdraw as an entire conference. Both petitions were denied as being not in harmony with church law.

UMCOR Agency Authorizes Relief Aid Grants

The United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR) authorized grants totalling \$391,000 at a recent meeting in New York.

The largest individual grant was \$50,000, which went to Vietnam Christian Service, bringing UMCOR's contributions to Viet Nam since 1966 to \$270,000.

The World Council of Churches Middle East refugee program received \$25,000. The need for increased refugee support was outlined by Dr. J. Harry Haines, general secretary of UMCOR. He said the 1967 estimated number of world refugees rose to 15,394,000—an increase of 4,283,000 over 1966.

Special grants approved by UMCOR included \$32,827 for the Ecumenical Program for Emergency Action in Africa. Funds will be used to help political detainees and their families in Rhodesia operate a storefront family-planning clinic, and purchase a boat for emergency medical service and food distribution.

The funds also will help in well-drilling projects and agricultural and vocational-training programs.

In other action, UMCOR assigned five new United Methodist workers to various phases of refugee service in Viet Nam. Three of the new workers were present at the New York meeting for a service of consecration.

At present, there are six United Methodist workers with Vietnam

Christian Service (VCS). The five new workers include: Dr. and Mrs. Marvin F. Piburn, Des Moines, Iowa, and Grand Junction, Colo.; the Rev. Russell Kleinbach and his wife, Dr. Grace Kleinbach, Rollingstone, Minn.; the Rev. Terry Lee Bonnette, Mantua and Cardington, Ohio. The Kleinbachs are the first workers of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church to serve with Vietnam Christian Service.

Bishop Newell S. Booth Dies in Pennsylvania

Bishop Newell S. Booth, 64, head of the United Methodist Church's Harrisburg Area, died in Harrisburg, Pa., May 17, after a prolonged illness.



Bishop Booth

He had been bishop of the Harrisburg Area since 1964, and had previously served 34 years in Africa, first as a missionary and later as an episcopal leader.

The bishop went to the former Belgian Congo as a missionary in 1930. From 1930 to 1943 he traveled, preached, taught, and organized churches, schools, medical centers, and other Christian institutions.

In 1944 he was elected a bishop, and was placed in charge of missionary work in Mozambique, South Africa, Angola, Rhodesia, and the Congo. He wrote widely on Africa and spoke seven languages.

Ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1926, he served several pastorates in the New England Southern Conference before going to Africa.

The bishop is survived by his wife, a son, a daughter, five grandchildren, a sister, and a brother.

World Service Giving Falls Just Short of Goal

World Service giving by former Methodists has fallen short of their goal for the final year of the 1964-68 quadrennium—but by less than 1 percent.

The total of \$17,469,840 was more than half a million dollars under the annual goal of \$18 million.

The final report, which covered June 1, 1967, to May 31, 1968, was released by Dr. Don A. Cooke, general secretary of the Council on World Service and Finance.

Along with World Service, most major benevolence items of the church showed slight decreases. The notable exception was giving of Ad-

vance Specials for overseas relief, which increased nearly 32 percent, topped 1 million dollars, and was the largest amount ever given for overseas relief Advance Specials, apart from special appeals.

World Service Specials amounted to \$180,050, a 52 percent increase. Temporary General Aid was more than \$369,000, a 30 percent hike. Only one category—One Great Hour of Sharing—suffered as much as a 5 percent decrease.

In making the report, Dr. Cooke said: "Of course I am sorry it is not 100 percent, but I think it is a good report. It represents a solid level of giving by our people."

He expressed thanks to several conferences whose payments this year covered previous deficits, paying their apportionments in full for the quadrennium.

Church Center for UN In Demolition Danger

The Church Center for the United Nations, an architecturally attractive building which was completed in 1963, is in danger of demolition.

Leaders of The United Methodist Church are strongly supporting action of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Churches seeking to forestall the projected demolition of the building at 777 United Nations Plaza (44th Street and First Avenue).

The area in which the Center and many other buildings are located is scheduled for redevelopment under a recent New York State law creating a United Nations Development District and Corporation.

The council's opposition to the inclusion of the center in the demolition plans, and the supporting opposition by the United Methodist leaders, are being brought to the attention of members of the Corporation of the United Nations Development District, the Planning Committee of the City of New York, the state of New York, and to all other parties concerned.

Local-Church Legislation Printed in Pamphlets

The Methodist Publishing House has announced that all legislation dealing with the local church in The United Methodist Church now is available in pamphlet form.

The Uniting Conference of the new denomination requested that local-church legislation be published as soon as possible to enable local churches to begin reorganization plans at once instead of waiting until the complete *Book of Discipline* is available, probably in early 1969.

The pamphlet, entitled *Legislation*

for the Local Church, is designed for use by both pastors and laymen. It is to be regarded, however, as a temporary and unofficial document for interim use pending publication of the complete *Book of Discipline*.

The pamphlets may be purchased from Cokesbury, retail division of the Publishing House, at 35¢ each, or \$3.75 per dozen.



Dr. Arthur S. Flemming challenges churchmen to meet the urban crisis and racial injustice "head on" at the annual dinner of Religion in American Life (RIAL). The Methodist layman, president of the National Council of Churches, spoke of the NCC's emergency program of study and action to mobilize the resources of churches, communities, business, and government to help avert a "domestic Pearl Harbor." Bishop Prince Taylor, right, is national RIAL chairman.

Mexican Methodists Offer Lodging for Olympics

A trip to the summer Olympic games may fit into the family budget more comfortably than you might imagine.

The Methodist Church of Mexico has announced that inexpensive accommodations will be made available to United Methodists who visit Mexico City October 19-27.

Bishop Alejandro Ruiz of the Mexican church has sent the following information about accommodations for the Olympics:

"The Methodist Church of Mexico has made plans to give simple entertainment to Methodists who want to come to Mexico City for the Olympics. From October 19-27 we will be able to handle a considerable number of people. The facilities offered are dormitory-type lodging with continental breakfast—no luxury but clean and convenient. The cost will be \$4 a day for room and continental breakfast. The first applicants will be those

accepted. The church will not be able to take any responsibility for tickets to any events or for any transportation in Mexico City."

Inquiries about accommodations should be sent to: Bishop Alejandro Ruiz, 16 de Septiembre 6-703, Mexico 1, D.F.

Methodist Youths Witness At Texas HemisFair

Young people who visit HemisFair '68 in San Antonio, Texas, this summer will be especially interested in Project Y, the youth-participation section of the fair.

The project combines an outdoor forum for discussion of important issues, a cinema-theater for film and drama, with a hall of ideas, a cabaret, and a creative-arts pavilion.

The United Methodist Church will be actively engaged in using the theater and forum as settings for its witness.

United Methodist Youth Fellowship groups from across the country have been invited to participate in Christian witness at Project Y, and about 30 groups will be chosen to participate. Typically, each group's program may include a discussion on an important issue, drama readings, or music.

San Antonio Methodists have opened 20 churches to act as hosts to visiting UMYF groups.

The United Methodist HemisFair Central Office, P.O. Box 28098, San Antonio, Texas 78228, has made plans for the visiting youth groups to view the fair, participate in it through Project Y, and visit the city's mission institutions so that a challenge for Christian vocation can be offered.

The Department of Evangelists of the Board of Evangelism will implement a witness July 21-28. More than 75 young people will be co-evangelists for each day of the project, which will cover the entire fairgrounds.

Board Allocates \$680,000 For Race, Poverty Crisis

The seriousness of our nation's racial and poverty crisis has prompted the National Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions to allocate \$680,000 to groups dealing with these problems.

Grants totaling \$280,000 were made to ecumenical and United Methodist groups dealing directly with the urban and rural problems.

The National Division also emptied an emergency reserve fund by approving \$400,000 for community centers and United Methodist mission agencies dealing with the national

crises. It explained that the current crisis is considered to be an emergency.

The \$280,000 was part of \$1,366,173 granted for "essential mission commitments" in the division's annual supplementary budget. The total figure will come from income on investments and other available funds.

In other actions, the division:

- Resolved to examine its employment and promotion practices relating to minority groups.

- Expressed concern for civil and human rights of Spanish-Americans in its planning and policies.

- Created an advisory committee on Indian work.

- Agreed to explore the need for a consultation on Japanese work.

- Asked former Evangelical United Brethren board members now serving with the United Methodist agency to go ahead with study for a major development program in southeastern Kentucky.

'Night Call' Talk Show Returns to Radio

Night Call, a live, phone-in radio show which premiered with a new format on June 3, is designed to give the "man in the street" an opportunity to discuss such issues as the nation's racial and poverty crises, morals, peace, and education.

The program, heard in 31 cities, is a product of the Division of Television, Radio, and Film Communication (TRAFECO) of The United Methodist Church. It is aired in cooperation with the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches and the National Catholic Office for Radio and Television.

Related to a massive *Crisis in the Nation* program of the NCC, Night Call originates in New York City, through leased telephone lines to stations in several major metropolitan areas.

A Negro host, Del Shields, and a prominent guest are to open up selected controversial issues for discussion each night. Listeners can call collect from any part of the country.

Nelson Price, who is the executive producer of the series, said that during upheaval periods in the cities, priority will be given to callers from the afflicted areas.

Students Win More Power At American University

Students at Methodist-related American University in Washington, D.C., have won a greater voice in the decision-making processes of the

school after brief, nonviolent demonstrations in May.

At that time, President Hurst R. Anderson appointed a 15-member ad hoc committee of students, faculty, and administration representatives which recently agreed, in part, to a list of 12 student "demands."

Student demands for privacy brought agreement that dormitory rooms are private, in a "standard tenant-landlord relationship," and that students' personal, medical, and testing records are confidential, with information to be released only with student consent.

On other housing matters, students' call for cessation of curfew regulations was answered with the proposal that dormitory dwellers shall formulate their own rules, including the right of students to help set the manner and criteria of selecting and removing resident advisers.

A demand for abolishing mandatory university housing was met with a proposal for the school to move toward making all its housing "voluntary on a financially sound basis."

Student calls for a role in policy-making also brought proposals that faculty and tenure rules include student evaluation as a criterion; and that student and faculty organizations have full budget information and their recommendations be incorporated in the budget submitted to the board of trustees.

Another controversial question revolved about university involvement in government contracts, especially in secret research and intelligence operations. The students at American asked "total severance" between the university and the government, and for a rundown of university personnel involved in government-related activities. The ad hoc committee countered with a recommendation for a special committee, including student representatives, to examine all research contracts.

COCU Names Committee To Draft Union Plan

The creation of a 14-member commission to draft a plan of union for the nine-denomination Consultation on Church Union (COCU) was announced recently by United Methodist Bishop James K. Mathews, chairman of COCU.

Authorization for establishment of a group to draft a plan of union was given by COCU in March, and the action was endorsed by The United Methodist Church in late April.

The executive committee named the Rev. William A. Benfield, Jr., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,

Charleston, W.Va., chairman of the drafting group. He represents the Presbyterian Church, U.S. (Southern).

United Methodist members of the drafting committee include Prof. John Deschner of Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, Texas; Bishop Paul A. Washburn of Dayton, Ohio; and Dr. Paul Hardin III, president-elect of Wofford College in South Carolina. Another committee member, Prof. John H. Satterwhite, teaches at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., but represents the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.

The consultation also has named its first full-time general secretary. He is Dr. Paul A. Crow, Jr., a Disciple of Christ churchman who has taught church history at Lexington (Ky.) Theological Seminary since 1961.

Beef Up Loan-Pool Fund For Ghetto Churches

Independent, nonaffiliated ghetto-area churches are being given a financial helping hand by a co-operative church-extension loan program.

The National Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions recently voted to increase its participation in this program which will make capital available to churches in

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER extends a special invitation to former EUBs who would like to submit the names of members of their congregations who have lived 100 years or more. Meanwhile we are adding nine new Century Clubbers this month:

The Rev. Joseph F. Bell, 100, Miami, Fla.

Mrs. E. E. (Melissa) Easton, 100, West Mansfield, Ohio.

Mrs. Margaret E. Coon, 100, Onondaga Hills, N.Y.

Mrs. Barbara Hoover, 100, Ripley, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Kading, 100, Webster, S.Dak.

Mr. Hosea Meyers, 100, Brandonville, W.Va.

Mrs. Sarah Mahon Malsbary, 100, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Mary Louise Selleck, 100, Chula Vista, Calif.

Mrs. Elisabeth Whitesell, 104, Frostburg, Md.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

the New York City area. The board will put \$100,000 into a new ecumenical loan pool.

The loan program is designed to help minority groups in the development, financing, and execution of plans to obtain, purchase, build, remodel, and maintain houses of worship and allied facilities.

Similar action was taken by the Board for Homeland Ministries of the United Church of Christ in April. Two other denominations, the United Presbyterian Church in the USA and the American Baptist Convention, as well as the National Council of Churches, have been helping plan the new loan pool.

The National Division last December set aside \$100,000 in its own ecumenical loan fund for making loans to ghetto area churches. All but \$2,500 was loaned to two churches, the Mystery Soul Saving Station in Brooklyn, N.Y., to buy a building to use as a church, and the Zion Gospel Church, Inc., in Copiague, N.Y., to renovate its building. The latter has a program to serve agricultural migrant workers on Long Island.

Landmark Youth Course On Sex Distributed

A sex-education program recently developed by The Methodist Church has been hailed as the first comprehensive youth course on sex prepared by a U.S. church.

Dr. Ludvig Lankford, Board of Christian Social Concerns executive, said that he is hopeful that other denominations will make extensive use of the material, which is being distributed to 31,600 local chairmen for Christian social concerns.

The course, sponsored by the Division of the Local Church of the Methodist Board of Education and the Division of Alcohol Problems and General Welfare of the Board of Christian Social Concerns, is designed to involve junior-high students, responsible church leaders, and parents.

Dr. Eugene Laubach, minister of New York City's Riverside Church, wrote in the program's preface, "We have chosen a church setting because we are convinced that sex education is part of the mission of the church."

The approach, he said, "is to provide resources out of which a group of leaders, working *with* rather than *on* a group of teen-agers and parents, can plan a meaningful sequence of learning experiences."

"Before developing a program," Dr. Laubach continued, "a responsible group within the church needs to think through the place of sex education in local-church ministry."

The course goes into the details about growing up, dating, the ability to love, sexual abnormalities, procreation, and a general Christian perspective of the role of sex in normal life.

Bishop Benjamin Guansing Dies in Manila

Bishop Benjamin I. Guansing, 60, episcopal leader for the Manila Area of the Philippines Central Conference, died of a heart attack in Manila on June 3. He had recently been in the United States for the Uniting Conference of The United Methodist Church.



Bishop Guansing

One of two United Methodist bishops in the Philippines, Bishop Guansing had a distinguished career as a pastor, journalist, theologian, educator, and ecumenist before his election to the episcopacy in 1967. Since 1954, he had been president of Manila's Union Theological Seminary, the first Filipino to hold the post.

One of the first Crusade Scholars, Bishop Guansing was ordained into the Methodist ministry in 1928. Under Japanese occupation in World War II, he continued as pastor of the large Central Methodist Student Church in Manila and came to be regarded as a hero.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters, one of them a student at Wayne State University in Detroit; and a son, also of Detroit.

Telephone Counseling Set Up For Emotional Problems

Severe emotional and spiritual problems seldom reach their peak where and when counseling is available.

To attack this problem, the United Methodist Board of Evangelism will set up and implement telephone-counseling ministries to provide round-the-clock counseling, in cities throughout the nation.

The program, under direction of the Rev. Ross E. Whetstone, is similar to others now in operation such as Dr. Alan Walker's telephone ministry in Australia [see *Life Line*, April, 1967, page 22].

Working with Mr. Whetstone will be an ecumenical Telephone Ministries Steering Committee of 38 persons, including Bishop W. Kenneth Pope, Dallas, chairman; the Rev. Elbert C. Cole, Kansas City, Mo.,

vice-chairman; and Dr. Joseph H. Yeakel, board general secretary.

Telephone ministries now are in operation in Dallas; Los Angeles; Sudbury, Ontario; and other cities.

Dr. Kermit Long, associate general secretary of the board, said it is estimated that about 300 U.S. cities are large enough for groups to provide such service.

Minnesota Church Opposes Civil-Disobedience Stand

The stand of the Uniting Conference of The United Methodist Church on civil disobedience has been challenged by a 443-member Minnesota congregation.

At a special meeting, members of Lake Drive United Methodist Church in Mahtomedi, a suburb of St. Paul, issued a statement which charged that the Uniting Conference resolution was "capable of misinterpretation so as to condone lawlessness and anarchy at a time when respect for governmental institutions was never more needed."

The Mahtomedi group urged other United Methodist Churches, the Minnesota Methodist Annual Conference, and other United Methodist annual conferences to join in opposing the national body's resolution.

The Uniting Conference affirmed "the right of nonviolent civil disobedience in extreme cases as a viable option in a democracy and as a sometime requirement for Christians who are to have no other God than the God of Jesus Christ."

The Mahtomedi congregation said "the zeal of God's church should be directed to the preservation and improvement of the legal means whereby the civil rights of all men are guaranteed, rather than to the destruction of these rights through the erosion of public respect for the law . . .

"Civil disobedience and the unwillingness of many to resolve their differences by established legal means will lead with certainty to the destruction of the institutions which protect their freedoms."

Hospital in New Mexico To Expand, Modernize

The Española Hospital in New Mexico, a major project of the United Methodist Board of Missions, recently marked its 20th anniversary by beginning a modernization and expansion program.

The expansion program includes a new two-story wing with a 40-bed medical-surgical facility, and remodeling and improvement of the



this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER

Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

WARNING: If you are on the road anywhere between Miami and Chicago the second weekend in August, drive with particular care. One of the largest moving-van convoys ever assembled will be highballing north to the Windy City.

Inside those vans will be a king's ransom in electronic equipment. This is the networks' answer to the problem of bridging the 2,000 miles between the two locations of this year's political conventions.

Two of the greatest shows on earth, these political parleys will be covered from sign-on to *sine die*. The horses are not being spared so that we may have a "you are there" experience. The three networks are budgeting some \$22 million for the fleets of moving vans, new color cameras, miles of phone lines, and logistical planning to rival a military campaign.

In Chicago, the Chicago Amphitheatre had to be rewired and re-lighted to provide the 350 foot-candles of light needed for the first "colorized" conventions. In 1964 portable black and white "creepie-peepee" cameras were given their debut at the conventions. This year there will be color portables.

And so we'll settle down to watch all day and half the night (only the last half of the night on ABC which is limiting itself to a 90-minute wrap-up each evening) the weeks of August 5, and August 26. While doing so, you might meditate (during some interminable proceeding) on what television's ultimate impact may be upon these quadrennial rites.

Already it has been considerable. Some of the interminable has been terminated, and a good bit of hoopla has been curbed. Schedules have been revised so that major speeches come in the evening when the largest TV audience is available. Many politicians have groused about this TV take-over of the conventions. I think it is a right move.

For many of the "now generation," democracy is on trial in this

convention year, and they are going to be watching the proceedings closely. For them, the "old time" politics and the "old time" convention will not do any longer. They are not going to sit still for smoke-filled rooms, slogans, or shady deals. For them, and for many of the rest of us, the illumination needed for color cameras is symbolic of the bright-as-midday atmosphere that needs to pervade both conventions.

We will want not only to see the proceedings at the podium but also to know what is going on in the caucuses. TV has the possibility to clear the smoke away, light the dark corners, reveal behind-the-scenes action, analyze not only what is happening but tell why and what it may mean.

Television's eye will do much to make these conventions honest. Ultimately it may do more. It is not just daydreaming to speculate that the time will come when it will be possible for all of us to participate. Then when the roll of states is called, each of us will step to our set, flip our voting switch, and have our choices recorded in convention hall.

Other programs of special interest this month include:

July 16, 23, 30 and August 13, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*Of Black America* series.

July 21, 6-6:30 p.m., EDT, on CBS—21st Century, *The Human Heart*.

July 21, 9-11:30 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

July 28, 6-6:30 p.m., EDT, on CBS—21st Century, *Cities of the Future*.

July 28 and 29, on ABC—Last in a series on *Crisis in the Nation* (check local listings for times).

July 31, 9-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—Noel Coward's *Present Laughter*.

August 2, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Feeding the Billions* (repeat).

August 6—Republican Convention begins (see above).

August 11—9-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*A Case of Libel*. □

existing plant. It is being funded by a federal grant of more than \$1.6 million and by gifts from the north-central New Mexico community.

Española Hospital has been a home missions project of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church, which, in addition to the medical institution, has operated five schools and 11 churches in New Mexico.

Hospital officials say the new facilities will make it possible to keep up with the growing medical needs in and around Española, where Spanish-speaking people are in the majority.

Names in the News

Dr. James M. Ault, formerly a professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, is the new dean of Drew University's Theological School in Madison, N.J.

The Rev. William T. Handy, Jr., formerly pastor of St. Mark United Methodist Church in Baton Rouge, La., has been named publishing representative for The Methodist Publishing House. Mr. Handy, a member of the Louisiana Conference of the former Central Jurisdiction, was cochairman of the Southwestern Area delegation to the 1968 Uniting Conference.

A United Methodist clergyman, Dr. Alan Geyer, an executive with the United Church of Christ, is the new coeditor of *Christian Century* magazine, ecumenical weekly published in Chicago.

Dr. William Asbury McMillan was recently inaugurated as the tenth president of Rust College, Holly Springs, Miss.

Alfred L. Delchamps, Mobile, Ala., president of a chain of food stores, was awarded a Religious Service Citation by the Religious Heritage of America.

A. G. Jefferson, Lynchburg, Va., layman, is incoming chairman of the Commission on Entertainment and Program for the General Conference.

Prof. Roy Smith, Methodist layman, has returned to the United States after serving in Japan as a missionary and teacher for 65 years. Professor Smith taught at Kobe University for 56 of those years.

Mrs. Vera Loudon Stockwell, 71, widow of Bishop B. Foster Stockwell and a missionary to Latin America for 35 years, died of a heart attack.

The Return of the Happy Ending



"With Six You Get Eggroll" may be the first movie ever made with all good guys and no bad guys. Just a bunch of happy normal people.

A happy normal widow (Doris Day) who runs a lumberyard.

A happy normal widower (Brian Keith) who takes early morning strolls in his undershorts.

Two normal little boys who bathe in paint. A teenaged son who drives a hot rod. Into a chicken truck.

And a teenaged daughter who likes boys, except when she's related to them.

Wouldn't it be refreshing to see a movie where everyone comes out fine, including you?

Doris Day and Brian Keith in "With Six You Get Eggroll"

Co-starring Pat Carroll, Barbara Hershey, Alice Ghostley and George Carlin, with The Grass Roots. Directed by Howard Morris.

Screenplay by Gwen Bagni, Paul Dubov, Harvey Bullock, R. S. Allen.

Produced by Martin Melcher. Color by Deluxe. Filmed in Panavision®.

Released by National General Pictures. A Cinema Center Films Presentation.

SEE IT IN AUGUST AT A THEATER NEAR YOU.



VIEWPOINT / a page for the expression of opinion

Poverty on Parade: Did Anybody Notice?

ON THE last leg of Senator Robert F. Kennedy's long journey to Arlington National Cemetery, his funeral cortege paused at Resurrection City. In a touching tribute to their most outspoken advocate among the presidential candidates, the Negroes, Mexican-Americans, Indians, Puerto Ricans, and poor whites sang, some tearfully, *We Shall Overcome*.

The Poor People's Campaign, however, seemed to have overcome very

little even weeks after its arrival in Washington, D.C., shortly after another assassination, in April, of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. His successor as head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy, promised to "plague Congress and the pharaohs of the land" until the poor were guaranteed food, jobs, housing, and an annual income. But it was the poor who seemed to be plagued.

First the record-breaking spring rains came. Arriving caravans of poor people were put in holding patterns in outlying communities until more of the plywood A-frame shacks could be erected on the 15-acre quagmire.

Resurrection City also was beset by internal strife and indecisive leadership. Most of the campaign's early energies were drained off in building shanties in the demoralizing mud, feeding and clothing new arrivals, and

training them in nonviolence. At one point a Mexican-American group threatened to secede. From one hour to the next, nobody seemed to know when or where—or if—the next protest activity would come.

All the pep-rally rhetoric of Mr. Abernathy and demonstration director Hosea Williams failed to shape the poor people into a disciplined, single-minded army. Another SCLC leader chastised participants: "We call for 20 volunteers; we get two. There's lots of folks just laying 'round. If you ain't on the case to do some business, baby, go on home!"

The campaign's largest single event, a mass march planned for Memorial Day, was postponed until June 19 and its organizer, civil-rights leader Bayard Rustin, resigned because of a dispute with SCLC leadership.

The Solidarity Day demonstration salvaged the situation somewhat. Church, labor, student, and peace groups turned out among an estimated crowd of 50,000. Mr. Abernathy spoke of the 99 demands he had nailed, so to speak, on the doors of Congress. Among them: adequate jobs for the unemployed and the underemployed; a guaranteed annual income for those who can't find jobs or who cannot work; decent housing for the poor; quality education and adequate medical and dental care for all; and elimination of discriminatory law-enforcement and judicial systems.

The goals of Solidarity Day had been scaled down to list three major pieces of pending congressional legislation as priority items:

- Creation of 2.4 million jobs, half in the public and half in the private sectors, in the next four years.
- Construction of 1.2 million low-income housing units in the next three years and 6 million in a decade.
- Repeal of the welfare "freeze" in the 1967 Social Security amendments.

After Solidarity Day and the forced shutdown of Resurrection City, Mr. Abernathy vowed from a D.C. jail that the poor people had only begun to fight. An aide, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, announced plans for economic boycotts in major cities around the nation and Mr. Abernathy hinted that large-scale civil disobedience also might come, bringing a showdown between police power and poor power.

The Rev. Andrew J. Young, SCLC second-in-command, said the Poor People's Campaign both broke new ground and created problems for itself by bringing together so many different kinds of "soul power"—black, brown, red, and white. He praised the religious community as "our only ally" and cited in particular the National Council of Churches liaison team



headed by the Rev. John P. Adams, a United Methodist.

As Congress rolled toward adjournment, the poor people's lobby could claim some victories, but these were meager indeed when measured against the campaign's original goals.

Objectively, the Poor People's Campaign must be judged a noble dream that never quite rose out of the mud of Resurrection City. It did not sufficiently stir the national conscience

or the Congress to major action on the problems of 30 million poor people. Poverty was on parade, visible to all as never before. But did anybody notice? What is required to mobilize this affluent nation for decisive, priority action on the deprivation in our midst? Was the Washington Poor People's Campaign the last of the nonviolent demonstrations? Summer in the cities may hold the answer.

—WILLMON L. WHITE



METRO's kaleidoscope of mission to San Diego includes such programs as an organization for ex-prisoners (above left), vocational rehabilitation classes (above right), a servicemen's center to which military men such as these two Marines (left) are invited by college girls who hand out brochures on the street, tutoring of culturally deprived youngsters by adult churchmen (below left), and sewing classes conducted in a United Methodist church by school board adult-education instructors. Key word in the whole METRO concept is enabler, for it attempts to find, set in motion, and co-ordinate existing community resources for service at points of need, not just start new programs.



San Diego's METRO:

Hang-Loose Mission to a City

SAN DIEGO IS one of those rare cities that seems to have everything—mild, sunny weather the year around; beauty, with the Pacific at its doorstep and 6,000-foot mountains as a backdrop; culture; and bustling commerce and industry. Growing fast, it now has some 1.3 million metropolitan-area residences.

Unlike many southern California cities, San Diego also has deep roots in history. Here the exploration of California began in 1542 when the Portuguese navigator Juan Cabrillo discovered San Diego Bay. A national monument to Cabrillo now stands on the tip of Point Loma, the scenic peninsula that is the harbor's western boundary. And a few miles north of today's downtown is a reconstruction of the original Mission of San Diego de Alcalá, founded in 1769 as first of a famed chain of Franciscan missions that encouraged the state's early social and economic development.

Today, another mission has been established, this time by United Methodists. Only 2½ years old, it differs in almost every respect from its historic forbear. Yet its goals are similar—witness and service—and it has the potential of becoming as significant in this day as was the old mission two centuries ago. Called METRO, a short form for Methodist Efforts to Reach Out, it seeks to mobilize and channel the resources of 28 area congregations in serving the city—which, first impression to the contrary, does have its share of problems.

METRO's most striking features are its flexibility and its task-orientation—to specific, diverse, often short-term projects.

"We don't want to build a big staff or a permanent program," says Dr. C. Richard Shanor, METRO's co-ordinator. "Instead, we want to stay free, able to launch out in new projects or to stop those that are no longer productive. And we intend to operate almost entirely with volunteer help."

In its short history, METRO already has been in-



METRO's co-ordinator is Dr. C. Richard Shanor, a soft-spoken but dynamic Methodist minister reared far from the city, in the hills of western Pennsylvania. "We try to serve not only those who need help," he says, "but also those churchmen who want or need exposure to those who are less fortunate."



At Woodlawn Park, an unincorporated Negro ghetto south of the city, METRO supports a community library and study center. Among some 3,000 catalogued volumes are a large number of books for children. College students and adults also tutor here.



volved in dozens of projects—from a servicemen's center to summer camps, from vocational rehabilitation to a blood bank, from distributing emergency food supplies to an Easter-vacation beach witness, from an organization for ex-convicts to an Afro-American culture center. Still other projects are always on the drawing board, ready to go when human and material resources are available. All of which makes METRO a very unorthodox approach to the problems of a city—a hang-loose mission appropriate for the changing times and changing needs of urban America.

METRO's role can best be summed up in the word *enabler*. It does not want to become just another program agency. Instead, it seeks to set in motion existing community resources to get needed jobs done, pulling out then when possible to work in other areas. When it became obvious that better police-citizen communication was needed, for instance, METRO worked with other local agencies to set up a regular complaint-commendation procedure. And when the adult-education department of the city school system offered to provide teachers and supplies for classes addressed to culturally and economically disadvantaged residents, METRO set up classroom space in churches and publicized the offerings, even providing baby-sitting service for women participants.

So METRO is not some sort of super parish. Instead, it seeks to discover, study, and implement action on unmet needs in the metropolitan area, and in the process to co-ordinate and focus the efforts of the area's United Methodists on those needs.

"We think of it as an extension of the normal parish church activity," says Dr. Russell R. Robinson, San Diego District superintendent and the man principally responsible for METRO's development. "It will rise or fall on the personal involvement of trained volunteers from all sections of the metropolis."

Oddly, METRO's unconventional approach grew out of circumstances normally considered a liability: the absence of any Methodist institution in the central city. The last remaining downtown congregation, First Methodist, moved several miles north to the Mission Valley region in 1963.

But this vacuum fostered METRO's birth. "Now we don't have any structures that must be maintained in the central city," explains Dr. Robinson. "We are free to try just about anything."

METRO's philosophy—channeling resources to areas of need, operating with volunteer help, and giving area United Methodist churches and members

At Chollas View Church in southeast San Diego, the city's largest ghetto, METRO provides space for remedial reading courses led by city-paid instructors. These workbooks are what most third-graders use.



Besides co-ordinating official projects, Dr. Shanor (speaking, right) keeps in close touch with other groups not directly tied to METRO. This is the Parolee Achievement Panel, a group of ex-prison inmates who gather for discussions every Thursday night at the San Carlos Church—space Dr. Shanor helped provide. It is an offshoot of STRATE, a METRO-organized and supported rehabilitation effort.

mission service opportunities—infuses all its projects. A primary illustration is the Good Neighbor Center operated at Chollas View Community (United Methodist) Church in the southeastern part of the city.

The area is a ghetto even though it doesn't look like those in eastern cities. Many of San Diego's 50,000 Negroes live nearby, along with many Mexican-Americans, some low-income whites recently arrived in the city, and a number of military families barely getting by financially. Well over half of the families within a few blocks of the church have received welfare assistance.

The Good Neighbor Center is first an advice service for people in difficulty. Open from 10 to 5 weekdays, it is staffed by teams of carefully trained lay volunteers—all told, about 30. When possible, clients are referred to appropriate city or state agencies for long-term assistance.

Many who come for help, however, are referrals from elsewhere. Agencies such as Traveler's Aid and the Salvation Army can do only so much, and some families have not been residents long enough to qualify for city or state help. For such cases, the center often gives emergency assistance. In the first

three months of this year, for instance, 213 families were given food; another 46 received clothing; transportation was provided for still another 51.

The center's director is William Hawks, a retired elementary-school principal. His assistant is Mrs. Betty McIntosh, a mother of six, who has been an N-1 member at Chollas View though her permanent membership is at St. Marks United Methodist some eight miles north. Her dedication is typical:

"I wanted to do something to help those less fortunate than I," she says, "and this was a good opportunity. It's little enough."

The center's emergency food and clothing supplies come from METRO-connected churches. A volunteer from Park Boulevard Church operates a telephone answering service weekday evenings and weekends when the center is not open. At least two Women's Society circles now are following up with women of families helped by the center, visiting their homes and conducting classes and discussions about such basic topics as family problems, money management, and cooking and sewing.

A number of special classes also are offered at Chollas View, using education-unit space but taught

by city board of education instructors. The offerings include a weekly sewing class (METRO provides a free baby-sitting service for participants); adult remedial-education and vocational-rehabilitation courses, and a course in Negro history.

Another education-flavored METRO project is a library in the unincorporated, low-income Negro Woodlawn Park Community south of San Diego. The Rev. James L. Brabant of Park Hill United Methodist Church has shepherded the project, and a lay volunteer, Mrs. John M. Auzin, has catalogued the nearly 3,000 volumes contributed by area churches. Other volunteers offer tutoring help to youngsters of the community.

Another METRO project with a strong educational emphasis is Operation Adventure, a Saturday program primarily for children aged 5 to 12. Last fall, during one eight-week adventure period, more than 400 children—mostly from economically and culturally deprived families—enrolled in nearly 30 classes held at different locations, one at Woodlawn Park Center, two others at United Methodist churches.

Mrs. Sandy Turner, a Quaker who ran the program until this summer, describes its aims as "helping to prepare children to feel comfortable about their own internal resources. We are not trying to educate them in the conventional sense but rather to enthuse them, to reach them once and show them their own creative capabilities."

The classes do not follow conventional curriculum

patterns, as these typical, freewheeling titles indicate: *How to Be a Genius*; *Creating Like Crazy*; *A Class to Write In*; and *How to Be an Indian*. Nearly 40 volunteers—only one a certified teacher—led the classes. Other projects in which METRO has been involved have run the gamut. For example:

- An account in the city's blood bank for use by anyone recommended by the pastor of 1 of the 10 participating churches. Some 130 pints provided by churchmen donors now are on deposit; that many more have been used to date.

- An interdenominational summer camping program which includes many youngsters from the ghetto.

- An integrated vacation church-school program, bringing together city and suburban families.

- A servicemen's center next to METRO's downtown offices, open four nights a week and offering the thousands of military personnel in the area a place to relax, read, watch TV, play games, have light refreshments, and visit with local churchmen always on hand to extend hospitality.

- Two organizations which help ex-prison inmates in their readjustment to society.

No list of METRO activities ever is current or complete, however, for it is constantly starting something new or pulling out of a program that has become self-sustaining. Standing on these shifting sands is METRO's co-ordinator, Dr. Shanor, who almost miraculously keeps everything rolling. He is responsible to an 18-member METRO board, actually a department of the San Diego United Methodist Union. Dr. Robinson, as district superintendent, is ex-officio board chairman. METRO's budget, up to \$37,000 this year, comes from several sources—among them the Church Union, conference and national boards, Advance Special Gifts, and direct contributions by area Methodists, this year about \$6,000.

Dr. Shanor's job description instructs him to "implement all United Methodist efforts in the metropolitan area not already under sponsorship of a single local church or pastor." Overall, he is charged with being a "catalyst and a channel through which the varied resources of Methodism will flow back and forth through the city's needs."

That is a vast assignment, but Dr. Shanor's strong background in education—he has a Ph.D. in the field—has prepared him well. "I think of METRO as essentially a long-term process in educating United Methodists in this area to understand what being the servant church really means," he says. "That will take time, of course, but we are on the way."

Dr. Shanor, who served with Dr. Robinson at First Methodist Church in Fullerton, came to San Diego early in 1966 to direct the newly formed METRO program. Before many weeks, it was going strong.

Encouraged and now sponsored by METRO is a developing ministry to homosexuals who frequent "gay" bars such as this in Pacific Beach. Visiting teams of ministers in clerical collars have established many contacts and now are having regular discussion sessions for homosexuals in their own homes.



"In that first year," he recalls, "it was relatively easy to get some programs going. Some were not much different from the 'Band-Aid' programs churches have been doing for years. But urban mission today must go beyond that, to direct involvement in the decision-making bodies of the community."

Much of his recent activity has been in this direction. For example, METRO helped establish a program called Action for Better Law Enforcement (ABLE), working closely with the American Civil Liberties Union and the Citizen's Interracial Committee. Twenty-three centers have been established throughout the city at which citizens can report alleged police malpractice or can commend police action. And Dr. Shanor and other area Methodists helped form a citizen's action committee which successfully petitioned the school board for more integration in local schools, for curriculum materials better reflecting the city's racial and ethnic diversity, and for more local voice in school affairs.

Efforts such as these, in the community at large, will be amplified later this year with the addition of a Negro staff member, whose salary has been provided for in the current budget through a grant from the national Board of Missions.

Dr. Shanor keeps in close touch with other church and community service agencies, a number of which are in the same building as METRO's office at 520 E Street in downtown San Diego. And he works behind the scenes with many other programs not officially supported by METRO, offering encouragement and ready to provide direct assistance if it is needed. This is his relationship with the In-Between Coffee House, run by Point Loma United Methodist Church, as it was with a developing ministry to homosexuals conducted by a half dozen Methodist ministers and only this summer coming under formal METRO sponsorship.

Despite its unorthodoxy, METRO's acceptance has grown steadily. San Diego tends to be a rather conservative town with rather conservative people—and as Dr. Shanor put it, "We still are selling the METRO concept to both churchmen and the secular community. As always, you have to begin where the people are, then build." But the building is going well. Contributions of time, supplies, and funds from area laymen increase monthly. And the word is spreading elsewhere. Already the METRO pattern has been adapted for a new ministry in Phoenix, and there is a proposal to establish a similar program encompassing metropolitan Los Angeles.

"We don't yet see the whole picture of what the urban church of the future should be," says Dr. Shanor. "But it is beginning to emerge here and there around the country. We feel we have a viable model in the making here in San Diego."

In the final analysis, METRO's operational philosophy may be as significant as what it accomplishes through specific programs.

"We constantly are confronting local churches with the necessity of reaching out beyond themselves," says Dr. Shanor. "And over the long haul, this may be the most important thing we do." □



This is Operation Adventure, a Saturday program for children which tries to bring out their creativity and expose them to their own creative resources. This young girl seems enchanted by what she produced with only brush, watercolors, and paper—which is precisely the intention of the program.

"It is a small stream, winding its way among the hills, which here with graceful slope, and there with rugged brows, overlook the smooth and gliding water. The water . . . is so clear that the stream suggests the blended flow of countless dewdrops. The hrooks that flow into [it] seem to float down sunbeams gathered in the hilltops."

—Opie Read in
Up Terrapin River (1888)



THE LONG WALK HOME

By HERMAN B. TEETER
Associate Editor

I SIT beside a secluded stream in the foothills of the Ozarks and watch an isolated thunderhead drop spring rain far beyond the sentinel pines atop Crow Mountain. Rocky bluffs and densely wooded hillsides press in close, squeezing the creek here, twisting it there, as it plunges into the valley.

Along the way, Galla Creek finds time for many moods. Here and there it lulls between rapids, reflecting the sheer walls of Dark Bluff, the blue of sky, the lacy green of new leaves, and the hulks of moss-covered boulders.

I have returned, for the first time in 40 years—as many men have wanted to return—to the old swimming hole I knew as a boy.

In memory, Blue Hole is clear and deep, the benevolent eye of a giant that forever watches summer skies and green mountain slopes. It was reward enough for a farm boy when crops were “laid by” and the hot suns of August shriveled tomato plants and pea vines. Town boys visited it seldom, for this part of the creek in a big valley was many miles away.

I kept thinking of Blue Hole last winter as I planned a different kind of vacation—one devoted to walking tours in my native state. I wanted to repeat, if possible, a lonely boyhood jaunt that began at Blue Hole one summer night in 1928.

That was 40 years ago, the time Woodie Hines and

I came here to camp overnight. Now, in 1968, the Blue Hole I remembered is—gone. Where is the high rock from which we plunged into cool depths? Where is the boulder, big as a house, that helped form the pool in its rocky cup between the mountains?

“All washed out now, covered up, broken apart by the creek,” Uncle Emmett Porter explained the day he helped me find the trail that, with the passing years, had all but disappeared in the forest.

This fragment of rock, then, is where Woodie and I built our campfire to boil unpeeled potatoes, fresh farm eggs, and tender crayfish tails together in a bucket of creek water. This is where we lazily stretched out and listened to things: to birds and summer insects; to the splash, gurgle, trickle, and muted roar of water tumbling from heights unexplored.

Up here among the pines, oaks, and hickories, Woodie and I searched for traces of an old millrace, and climbed among the bluffs looking for an almost legendary bear’s den.

We found neither. On slick rocks a hundred yards downstream, Woodie sprained an ankle, and came back limping. Hours later, he awakened me in the night, moaning, and I knew he could not endure a long hike home.

What I had to do would be heroic—like a story in the *American Boy*. I would have to hike back to town

alone before Dad left for work at daybreak, and we would bring Woodie home in the car.

No longer am I ashamed to admit that I was filled with a boyish fear of the long, dark, lonely road ahead of me that night. Had we not heard that bears, wolves, and mountain lions once roamed these hills?

Of course, "once" was a hundred years ago, maybe, but that was entirely too close in time for my imagination as I ran through the moon-drenched forest and plunged into the ghostly mists that hung over Bradley Cove.

The memory of spine-tingling fear was erased years ago by adult logic. What remains are the night sounds of crickets, katydids, spring peepers—and suddenly, far down creek—the booming of a bull frog. And there were thousands of fireflies, it seemed, dancing low over the stream.

As I ran, or slowed to a breathless walk, the moon kept pace, like a watchful eye, spotlighting the creek below, turning road dust into silver when I reached the valley. Moonlight flooded lonely pastures, dark farm houses, rail fences, cotton and corn fields. Forests and mountains were gilded like graven monuments, and the scent of wild honeysuckle was everywhere in the night.

At Blue Hole, 40 years later, I am not sure why I wanted to repeat that long hike home. For years, however, I have wanted to return to places that call many of us back across the years. Perhaps it was because I have devoted too many vacations to busy highways, or aimless wandering between motels and one commercial resort after another.

Therefore, vacation in late March, 1968, became a different one. I simply drove back to visit my father in central Arkansas where the blue waves of the Ozarks break into forested crests over the broad trough of the Arkansas River valley. I came back to the old hometown, locked my car, and started walking back through time.

I did not hurry. I wandered idly, going nowhere in particular, trying out my aging legs, walking in all kinds of weather—in predawn fog, spring rain, and howling March wind. I walked away from myself, leaving crowds, clocks, cars, and concrete far behind.

On my jaunts—in training, as it were, for the like from Blue Hole—I carried a small pocket-size book of daily meditations, a pencil, candy bars, country-sausage sandwiches, a canteen of water, a pocketknife, and some small change.

Remembering how brightly the stars gleam out where the sidewalks end, I walked the streets of my hometown at night, tracing the constellations as they wheeled over Pine Knob and Skyline Drive, counting off the years of our lives.

By day, I went looking for general stores, and found them changed—stocked now with merchandise undreamed of 40 years ago. But it was still possible to lunch, as I had long ago, on less than a quarter's worth of cheese, baloney, and soda pop, with a few crackers thrown in by the proprietor "for nothing." Farmers and hill people still gather, I was pleased to learn, at

these local news centers, loafing and joshing one another.

Remembering the little town of Pottsville, around which so much of my boyhood was spent, I strolled there on a mild afternoon when japonica and forsythia were in full bloom, and the land was covered with tiny blue-white flowers. The great Potts house still stands, more than a century old, two storied and white columned, amid flowering shrubbery on a sloping green lawn. Once a stagecoach tavern, now bypassed by highways, the house broods like a mother hen over one modern general store, over a cotton gin that has fallen in upon itself, and seems to sorrow for the deserted store buildings that once knew a prosperous trade.

I walked Pottsville's pleasant, tree-shaded streets, past the three churches, and hiked down a country road to my birthplace. The old, weather-beaten house where I was born is gone without a trace.

Don't look closely, I told myself, and it will seem that things have not changed. Certainly, the blue mountains on the horizons have remained unchanged. But cotton and corn fields, once surrounded by rail fences (or unfenced at all) have been supplanted by tightly wired pastures where hundreds of sleek cattle graze. Much of the timber is gone, including the tremendous oaks that awaited the first pioneers. Now, however, the eye has room to roam between new homes scattered here and there.

I walked among the graves in Pisgah cemetery where my family name is repeated time and again in stone, for this quiet rural hillside is the resting place of a numerous kin. "How sweetly we rest," is my paternal grandmother's message to me in dim lettering on a weathered stone.

Changes? Yes, I had expected them. Yet, do not all of us seek something we may never find again, perhaps, as J. B. Priestley wrote in *Man and Time*, "deep inside some forest or at the end of some forgotten winding road . . . behind that door in the wall which we see only at certain moments"?

For more than a week, on the best of all vacations, I have seen the world in miniature. I have watched spring come suddenly to hidden places, and I have seen the work of time on a countryside where my roots happen to be deepest.

I have returned to the old swimming hole, and it is gone.

Yet I am not disappointed, nor do I have illusions about this tiny wrinkle in the earth's surface. I know there are many places of more awesome grandeur and importance. Indeed, there are larger, more impressive bodies of unpolluted water flowing out of the Ozarks within a few miles of here. Even closer to my hometown, a tremendous new lake teems with fish and mirrors 45 miles of blue mountains.

There is something special, just the same, in this unspoiled part of Galla Creek—that part between its course on the wide mountaintop and the more sluggish stream that travels through the lowlands behind the mountains. Here, thick forests, massive boulders, and

precipitous terrain seal off long stretches, and in many places the clear, tumbling water is hidden under arching vegetation.

Heavy rain fell last week, but the water at my feet is not even dingy. It breaks into white flurries around a rocky ledge, then hurries on to disappear through soft distances, leaving only the merry sound of its storm-swollen passage behind.

It would be good if Woodie Hines could come back here, as I have done, but he died soon after serving in a submarine during World War II. I do not think he would be disappointed to find Blue Hole changed, as many other things have changed, as they had a right to change. Galla Creek simply rampaged, dredged out the huge boulders, and smoothed out its bed. Thus, the old swimming hole became only waist deep, anonymous, lost—in fact, forgotten—among the hills. Uncle Emmett knew it had happened, for he is an outdoor man who hunts and fishes these parts.

What remains is an incomparably beautiful, quick-flowing stream brimming with spring rain. There is not a discarded can, napkin, or paper plate in sight—no litter of any kind.

I smile as I read Today's Meditation. For the moment, at least, the message does not seem to pertain to me:

"Be calm, be true, be quiet. Do not get upset by

anything that happens around you. Feel a deep inner security in the goodness and purpose of the universe. Be true to your highest ideals . . . Be calm always."

For 10 days there has been tranquillity for me, both here and out there in home country beyond the mountain. There is present reality beside this little creek—yet, somewhere in the immensity of Time, two boys still plunge into the welcoming depths of a swimming hole that used to be.

Should we weep, amid ceaseless change, for lost sanctuaries of the heart? Should we lament the passing of old things for new, the presence of strangers in familiar houses, the absence of voices never to be heard again?

No, for it could not—should not—be otherwise.

Now the sinking sun, a red half-circle on the western hill, tells me it is time to leave Blue Hole to the soft twilights of other springs. I turn away, glad to have seen what is here, yet remembering what I once saw here. I stroll back through the trees, among pine scents and creek sounds, and soon begin swinging along the old dirt road toward home.

There will be no silver dust beneath my feet this moonless night 40 years later, no wild honeysuckle blooming in the fence rows. But the sky is clear, and before long it will be full of stars. □



Building Plans Came Later

By RICHARD E. HARRIS



This home is typical of structures found in Lomaland, a Yaqui Indian village located within the city limits of Scottsdale, Arizona, "The West's Most Western Town."

NEW CHURCH congregations ordinarily start their corporate life by planning to build a sanctuary or an educational unit for themselves. Not so the Faith United Methodist Church in Phoenix, Ariz., whose first major project was to establish a clinic for Yaqui Indian children.

"Faith Church has been called into existence to serve . . . to respond in a meaningful way to the needs of persons within the community," said the Rev. C. Edwin Daniel when he was appointed to establish this congregation in 1965. The new church's membership had been drawn from the 1500-member Crossroads United Methodist Church, where Mr. Daniel had served as minister of education.

Faith Church's members (who hold worship services in a public school) concluded that their service was most needed in a tiny enclave of poverty located in Scottsdale, a wealthy neighbor town of Phoenix, approximately 20 miles from Faith's sanctuary. The area is known as "Lomaland."

Lomaland has three streets—all bumpy, all dirt. Most of the houses are unpainted, overcrowded, have dirt floors and no indoor plumbing. A high concrete-block fence hides the ramshackle houses from the adjacent neighborhood of \$25,000-up homes.

The majority of Lomaland's residents are Yaqui Indians, whose forefathers migrated to the Southwestern United States from northern Mexico. About 3,000 Yaqui Indians now live in seven villages throughout Arizona. They speak two languages—Yaqui dialect and Spanish—and often intermarry with persons of Mexican descent or adopt Mexican names.

Of the estimated 78 families in Lomaland, 70 have some or all Yaqui blood in their veins. The few other

families are Anglos and Negroes.

On February 15, 1966, one month short of its first anniversary, Faith Church opened its clinic for the Indian children in a Scottsdale elementary school. Members of the congregation formed the volunteer staff of five physicians, recordkeepers, receptionists, and doctor's assistants.

"Our intentions at first were not received with open arms," one physician recalls. "We could not expect full co-operation from people who have been so long practically forgotten, especially if we seemed to drop out of the clear blue sky and say, 'We have come now to help you poor folks.'"

Misunderstandings still crop up.

"It gets rather disheartening when people you are trying to help will not follow simple instructions or they insist on services in the evening rather than the regular time which we made arrangements for," one doctor said.

Lomaland people nonetheless are grateful to the clinic volunteers.

"Some of us stay away long hours to work or just look for work, so I guess we are too tired or disgusted to look for a clinic or a doctor for the kids," confesses Avila Concholar, a sometime fruit picker. "What the church people have done for us is very good. I hope we now know when something is wrong with the kids before it's too late."

The clinic treats about 100 cases each month during the school year. (It closes during the summer.) Treatment involves catching unnoticed blood poisoning, suspected tuberculosis, or malnutrition.

"There are no pills to make up for the lack of adequate food," observed Charles Hoch, Faith Church's missions chairman, who related this con-

versation between a clinic doctor and a Lomaland mother:

"Does your family get meat to eat?"

"Yes, when we can afford it."

"What is the average meal at your dinner time?"

"Beans . . . and maybe potatoes."

"How many times a week do you have meat?"

"Maybe once."

"How many times a week do you have milk?"

"Maybe twice, when we go to the store, if there is enough money."

"Could you buy powdered milk for your daughter? It's much cheaper."

"I don't know. We will try sometime."

The communications and cultural barriers between the Methodists and the villagers have been lowered considerably by the hard work of two Lomalanders. Gabriel Martinez, a laborer who serves as "minister of health," urges adults to bring their children to the clinic. And Salvador Gonzales, a student at nearby Arizona State University, has served as chairman of the Lomaland "council," a loosely organized body that functions for the residents. He also spends time in Phoenix, Scottsdale, and Washington, D.C., appealing for more aid.

About 20 Faith members, primarily from the younger, professional categories, participate in clinic activities.

Other members are involved in exchange programs that Faith conducts with Pima Reservation Indians, sharing in worship services and picnics, and exchanging Christmas gifts.

Only after establishing a mission to their community did Faith United Methodist Church turn to its own physical needs. Last fall architectural plans for the congregation's \$125,000 edifice were unveiled. □



HELEN LOWRIE MARSHALL

Denver's popular poet and lecturer.

DENVER'S Helen Lowrie Marshall, a petite, sparkling grandmother, is known in this country and England for her "magic with words and her happiness," as a youngster once described her inspirational poetry. She has written six books of verse, all of which have been transcribed in Braille.

She is in constant demand as a speaker. She gives her poems from memory and has hundreds to draw upon. Her programs are unplanned. She surveys each audience, then decides what poems are most suitable. Countless letters and return engagements testify to the accuracy of her spot judgments.

Mrs. Marshall's busy life has included teaching, volunteer reading for Recording for the Blind, and work in church and civic enterprises. "I guess I've been blessed with the art of communication," she explains, "and I love to share it." □

UNUSUAL Methodists



CAPTAIN CHARLES G. REID

Master of the S. S. Brasil.

A DESCRIPTION of Charles G. Reid's career reads like a boy's dream. As captain of the 557-passenger, American-flag liner *S. S. Brasil*, he travels to South America, the Caribbean, Africa, Scandinavia, and other exciting-sounding places more often than many people travel out of their home states.

He and his wife Racheal are active members of Community United Methodist Church in Jackson Heights, N.Y. But Captain Reid most often attends worship services on his ship, and encourages his passengers to do likewise. Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish services are held on board.

From boyhood Captain Reid has loved the sea. A graduate of the United States Merchant Marine Academy, he served in the Navy as a ship navigator and was stationed in the Mediterranean during the 1956 Suez Canal crisis.

The captain's hobby is collecting old books. His Methodist treasures include a hymnal published in 1789, prefaced by Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury; and a *Discipline of The Methodist Episcopal Church*, published in 1825, which he purchased in Vermont for 10¢. The hymnal cost him \$1.50. □



A. D. (DEN) DARR
Blacksmith for half a century.

“UNDER A spreading chestnut tree/The village smithy stands,” wrote Henry Wadsworth Longfellow a century ago. Then came the automobile, mass-production methods, and the electric and acetylene torches, which drastically changed the type of work that blacksmiths did.

A. D. (Den) Darr is an exception. He has worked in blacksmith shops for over half a century and isn't about to quit now. At his Seneca, Missouri, home, Mr. Darr now pounds out small crowbars, nippers, and chisels on his anvil as a hobby.

“Forge work always has fascinated me, even when I was a child,” he confesses. He heats pieces of iron in the forge, then reshapes them on his anvil.

Mr. Darr began working as a smith's helper in a mine shop in 1915, drawing a top pay of 50¢ an hour. He shod horses regularly until 1945, when the going rate was \$1.50 per horse. He recently was offered \$8 for shoeing a horse, but he prefers to stick to repairing machinery and tools. There is an element of excitement in that work, too, Mr. Darr says. “You can never guess what people will bring in for repair, or what they will want me to make.” □



WALTER PRICE
From engineer to gold miner.

THERE'S STILL gold in the California hills, and 77-year-old Walter Price of Humbug Valley can prove it. The retired engineer took up gold mining 25 years ago and now owns 44 mining claims on Humbug Creek, near the Oregon border. He pans daily in the creek and searches amid huge boulders and decaying logs left from the “diggings” of a hundred years ago. He also uses a “shooter,” a dredging device used to dig down to bedrock with water power. This method was used by miners on the Humbug in Civil War days. Findings usually are small, but last year he panned a \$200 nugget, and he still hopes to strike it rich one of these days.

Some estimate that northern California still holds \$50 billion worth of gold. But since it would cost more to reactivate and equip existing mines than any companies are willing to pay, the mother lode country has been left to the part-time prospector.

During the mining season, Walter and his wife live at his claims and attend nearby Yreka United Methodist Church. When winter comes, they set out in search of another kind of gold—the warm sun of southern California. □

I Decided to Be a Full-Time Mother



Should she go back to a good job in an exciting field or stay at home 'keeping house' and raising two children? This can be a hard decision to make if you like the business world. But a question from a little girl dissolves her doubts.

By ELEONORA O. ZAGO

WHEN I took a leave of absence from my job to have a baby, I had every intention of going back to work within a month. I loved my work. As advertising editor of a leading magazine, I was surrounded by Madison Avenue and all its glitter.

The baby, however, turned out to be twins. Girls. We moved out of our one-bedroom city apartment and bought an old house in the suburbs. Then we bought more furniture, and another car.

At first my babies needed so much attention, and were so small, I could not see anyone else taking care of them. As they grew, I enjoyed them more each day. Everything seemed to revolve around them, and I kept postponing the day when I would start looking for another job.

In fact, the office had grown distant and unfamiliar, my business clothes had given way to washable cottons, the weekly hairdo was a thing of the past. Phone calls from friends in town and invitations to meet them for lunch became less and less frequent. I was putting on weight, too, and talked about formulas and diaper rash instead of the latest plays.

When my girls were four, though, I felt I could start thinking of myself. They had been toilet trained (at three, after a struggle), they were eating fairly well, got along with the other children on the block, and could speak and make themselves understood.

I began thinking about someone to take care of them. Would she be young, middle-aged, or an older person? Would she be kind and understanding? What would happen if the children took sick unexpectedly? Or the housekeeper?

Then I had to figure out the financial end. There would be an expensive agency fee to pay, high

commutation fares into the city, wages for the housekeeper, clothes and lunch money for myself, a weekly hairdo, and more money for the food budget since I would have to rely on convenience foods for quicker meals.

Would it be worth it? I had not decided when suddenly everything seemed to be taken out of my hands. A former co-worker, now with another magazine, called me to say he wanted me to take a position that was similar to the one I had had. The salary would be around \$15,000 a year. He wanted my decision within a week or so.

Just like that! With that kind of salary there would be no financial problem, I could swing everything I had worried about.

All day I could hardly keep my feet on the ground. I would be free from all the million little splinters of irritation—the spilled milk, the tears, the fights, the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches gulped while I leaned against the sink and tried to stare down the week's ironing. I thought gratefully of being able to dress like a human being and talk in full sentences.

The feeling was short-lived. After I told my husband that evening, I began to feel that something was wrong. Why should I feel so compelled to leave my home and my children? What made me feel so guilty about being "just a housewife"? Did a woman who stayed at home really have to feel trapped, bored, unfulfilled?

Almost every magazine and newspaper told me about women who were returning to work. Colleges, even department stores, were holding seminars for women re-entering the working world. Here a once-in-a-lifetime position had been offered to me, and I could not make up my mind. What was wrong with me, I wondered.

My husband offered little advice. He was not opposed to my returning to work, but he understood my reservations, too. We discussed pros and cons for hours on end, agreeing that the additional income would buy many things we could not now afford—a college education for the girls, more money in a very depleted bank account, perhaps even a trip to Europe.

As the week wore on, what should have been an easy decision was turning into a major problem. Then came the afternoon when the children wanted to go to the duck pond. The trip was one of their favorite adventures. They adored feeding bread to the ducks and sea gulls, even had a favorite duck they called Walter.

After giving away our store of bread crumbs, we sat on the bank of the pond, just looking and talking of nonsensical things. Claudia started her favorite game of "push and pull," and we rolled on the grass, feeling the warmth of the sun and laughing joyously. Finally, out of breath, we just sat with our arms around each other.

Then we realized a little girl was staring at us. The twins smiled; they are always ready to make new friends. But she walked slowly over to me.

"Hi," she said, warily.

We all made the appropriate answers. Hesitatingly, she asked me: "Are you a mommy? I mean a real all-the-time mommy?"

"Yes, honey," I answered, and then our talk was interrupted by an efficient-looking maid who took her by the hand and said: "Please don't bother the nice people, Debbie. We have to go now." As they disappeared down the path, I heard the maid say: "I have to leave early. Your mother won't be home until much later."

Pam looked at me in surprise and

Take Time to STAND and STARE



AN ENGLISH doctor gave me one of the most unusual and effective prescriptions I ever have had. Although it is simple, I believe more people would lead happier and richer lives if they followed it.

I received this unusual prescription when an illness I had suffered earlier flared up after I had been in London during a week filled with activities. I went to a physician. After the usual poking and prodding, he said:

"You're not in any danger. Just a case of tension. Been doing a lot of talking?"

I laughed. I had just returned from a 300-mile train trip, eaten a hurried supper, and addressed two meetings—all in eight hours. I told the doctor my schedule and he nodded as he wrote two prescriptions. Handing them to me, he said with a smile, "Here are some pills that will calm you down a bit." I started to thank him and take my leave when he interrupted: "There's another prescription, you know!"

"Another?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and it's the most important of all. The pills will relieve your nervousness, but they won't cure it. This will do the trick if you take it faithfully."

As I listened in amazement, he began to read a poem from a worn sheet of paper on his desk. It was long and I remember only the recurring line at the end of each stanza: *We have no time to stand and stare.*

"That's the trouble with you Americans and many Englishmen," the doctor solemnly said when he finished reading. "You rush through life without seeing anything. You don't take time to stand and stare, to look for half an hour at a sunset, to watch a rose unfold, or to listen to sheep bells on a distant hill. Many a man has lived in a hurry, only to die the same way."

"That's my other prescription," he said. "It doesn't cost a shilling.

If you get it filled while in England, you'll be richer and healthier when you go home."

I had no time "to stand and stare" for long periods of time. But I tried it at odd moments. It helped, especially after I realized the English use of the word "stare" is different from ours. They do not mean "to gaze steadily at one thing." They mean "to look with enjoyment."

One day, with a group of friends, I stood on a mountaintop in Yorkshire and looked into the distance.

"What a picture!" I thought as I raised my camera.

Then, I realized, there was no way to capture the beauty of this scene on film. The only way I truly could take it home was "to stand and stare."

I stood almost motionless as I looked across the mountainside where, for miles, gray stone fences made a checkerboard of little fields which once had belonged to sheepherders. Down in the valley lay a 300-year-old town blackened with soot. Over the next range of hills was Haworth village, where the Brontë sisters dreamed and wrote.

Up the winding road, John Wesley had toiled his way to preach the Gospel to the villagers of Heptonstall. Here, where I stood, was the eight-sided chapel the villagers had built for him. There was no sound, no movement and, for me, in that instant, time stood still.

In those weeks, before I sailed home, I learned the lesson of an ancient land, surrounded by the unchanging hills and valleys, living, perhaps, in a house which had stood for 300 years: that time is relative and life goes on.

The little pills the chemist gave me lasted a week or two. But the free prescription the physician gave me is still vivid in my mind. When the pressure of life grows too much, I find relief—by taking time "to stand and stare."

—R. P. MARSHALL

asked: "Where is her mommy? Why isn't she coming home?"

"Is she dead?" asked Claudia.

"No," I told them, "her mommy just works."

We walked home silently, my daughters trying to figure out how a mommy could work away from home, my mind churning violently.

By the time I put the girls to bed that night, my decision was quite clear. The little girl's question had dissolved my doubts.

I knew I would get all the familiar arguments when I called my old friend the next morning: I was taking a Pollyanna attitude, I was being selfish, and foolish, to miss such a great opportunity. Didn't I know that many women combined a career with home responsibilities, and their children did not suffer?

All these things might be true, I knew. But I knew, also, that the twins were *my* children, with an all-too-fleeting childhood, and for a while, at least, I wanted to circle them with my special love. I did not have to go back to work, and I wanted to stay at home. Someday I might want to recapture my business career, but for now I had a career, and it was the best career I could have at this time in my life.

It meant washing dishes, and doing the ironing and the washing, and coping with all the other million things you have to do when you run a house. True, I often found these things boring and thankless, but I was raising two daughters, and nothing could be more important to me than this.

I had to pour into my children all the wonderful things I would teach them—old-fashioned, cornball ideas like honesty, integrity, and good sportsmanship, how to look at a butterfly without frightening it away, how to wish on a rainbow and smell the air just after a spring shower. I had to place in their hearts all the things I knew about nature, and music, and flowers, and teach them all the songs and prayers I had been taught.

I had been chosen to do these things. They were my responsibility, and I would not delegate them. I would be a "housewife," and I would bear the title proudly, because I also am a mother. □

HANDLE WITH CARE

By MYRON M. HALL

Pastor, Jason Lee Memorial Church
Salem, Oregon

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE the church, the good Samaritan is looked upon as the great example of what it means to be a Christian. Caring is the most essential characteristic of a Christian style of life.

The good Samaritan poured oil and wine on the wounds of a man who fell among robbers. Then he took the man to an inn on his own beast. The next day he said to the innkeeper, "Take care of him, and I will repay you when I come back."

But when you try to define what it means to care, complexities threaten to overwhelm you in the task. Among the difficulties, our English Bible translates 13 different Greek and Hebrew verbs as "care."

In studying these 13 words, 3 stand out as especially significant.

To Be Concerned

The first is a word that is also translated as *concern*. Care as concern is care that can be impersonal and general. It is a shepherd's care for his sheep. It is God's care for his children. It is Jesus' concern with the way of God to such an extent that he is unconcerned about his reputation or about the opinions of men.

This quality of impersonality makes it possible for care to be expressed as concern in all of life's relationships. It is care as concern that marks us as humans, for not to care is to lose one's hu-

manity. This insight, I think, is back of our fascination with the story of a woman who is murdered in the presence of many witnesses who do nothing to stop the crime. How, we ask, can they be so inhuman?

The most poignant argument the doves have produced for withdrawing from Viet Nam is the contention that the defoliation which destroys forests and the napalm that maims civilians prove that Americans have no fundamental concern for the country or its people. Our concern appears only to be a crusade to stop Communism. This apparent lack of concern, say the doves, runs directly counter to what always has been a central quality within the American spirit—a concern for the little people of the world.

So fundamental to our basic humanity is the element of concern, that psychotherapists say outright anger between two persons is healthier than the silent resentment which outwardly appears to be harmony. The silent treatment is a turning of the back. Anger at least shows that you care. Such anger is not the care of a youth for a maid, or a mother for her child, but it is a part of the irreducible minimum without which man reverts to animal.

Contemporary existentialist philosophy, in both its Christian and non-Christian forms, sees concern as the fundamental key to the meaning of life. Martin Heidegger, a leading non-Christian exponent of such a position, calls "the basic being-in-the-world of being-with-others, a caring for others, and being cared for by others." Rollo May, a committed Christian existentialist, puts the idea this way: "Man has the capacity for transcending the immediate situation because he has the capacity for *Sorge*—that is, for 'care.'"

To Be Anxious

Another word from the Greek New Testament often translated *care* is one that implies a turning inward, care that has been transformed into self-concern. We meet this self-centered care in the 16th-century English of the King James Version of the Bible: for example, when Jesus said to one of the sisters in Bethany, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful" ["anxious" translates the Revised Standard Version] "and troubled about many things."

This is the care to which Jesus referred when he spoke about "the cares of the world," and of which Paul spoke in referring to his "care of all the churches." The words of Jesus, "Be not anxious about your life," have been translated, "Be not careful as to your life."

This is care gone wrong. It is care illustrated by the famous Brooklyn preacher Henry Ward Beecher, who once said, "I met a brother who, describing a friend of his, said he was like a man who had dropped a bottle and broken it, and

put all the pieces in his bosom, where they were cutting him perpetually."

Just because the fundamental human quality of concern can become inverted into anxiety does not mean that the impulse of care is misleading and should be rejected. Yet that is what often happens. I once heard a man say, "Well, I tried to be Christian toward my neighbor, and in so doing I got my fingers burned. Never again!"

The story of the dog that bit the hand that fed it must be countered by the examples of faithful pets who have devoted their lives to their masters in response to a master's care. We must deny the cynic's contention that Christian concern means Christian stupidity. Or if it is a stupidity that brings no reward, then we must proclaim it as a particularly glorious stupidity in which we take pride.

Such Christian stupidity has immediate relevance. For example, the Job Corps has been roundly criticized for its expense per student and its apparent failure to reclaim very many young men for productive lives. Critics of the Job Corps are right in many points; but critics must also understand the tremendous odds against the young men who have entered the Job Corps. They represent long-buried failures in American society. With so much against them to begin with, is it any wonder that so many fail?

For the Christian, failure is not the issue. The issue is that somebody tried, somebody was concerned, somebody cared. The Rev. Ted McIlvenna of the young-adult ministry at the Glide Foundation in San Francisco wrote, "Half of the people in our city don't have anyone who cares for them as persons; they are bruised by the illusory promise of love grown cold, by human and corporate infidelity, and by hope turned to disillusionment."

Let us who are within the church remember, to our everlasting shame, that it was the federal government that finally took up determined arms in a war on poverty and a battle against cultural deprivation. The government took as its own a task which for centuries has been recognized as the work of the church: reclamation of the defenseless poor, the socially outcast, and the rejects of society. The war on poverty may be God's judgment on the failure of the church.

To Be of Help

A third word from the Greek New Testament often translated care is one that can also be translated *to help*. This is the word in the story of the good Samaritan, "He took care of him." It is used in the First Letter to Timothy to describe the ideal help that a bishop should give to his churches. Such help is concern that is turned outward, turned toward others.

This is the kind of care that is widely recognized as "the most essential characteristic of the Christian style of life." It has been so recognized

down through the ages. Late in the fourth century Julian the Apostate accused the Christians of seeking to obtain followers by bribing the sick.

"These impious Galileans," he wrote, "give themselves to this kind of humanity; as men alluring children with care. . . . Now we see what it is that makes these Christians such powerful enemies of our gods. It is the brotherly love which they manifest toward strangers and toward the sick and poor."

Yet today one of the reasons people give for turning their backs on Christian faith is that they do not see such constant care among church members. They do not see the church always and unhesitatingly extending help to the stranger, the socially outcast, the racial minority, and the poor.

Those who turn their backs on faith are not necessarily intellectual atheists asking for proof of the truth of Christian doctrine, they are often practical agnostics searching for the fruits of the Christian life. It is their contention that Christians may say the right things but fail to authenticate their words through a corresponding style of life.

Here and there across America churches have begun to respond to this challenge.

The East Harlem Protestant Parish was among the first. The Church of the Saviour in Washington, D.C., is hard at work among people who are ground down by a bureaucratic system. Judson Memorial Baptist in New York City is ministering to the residents of Greenwich Village. Glide Memorial in San Francisco is one place where hippies are accepted as persons whom God loves. The Southwest Community Organization in Chicago represents a united ministry of Roman Catholics and Protestants in an effort to rebuild a deteriorating neighborhood. In Portland, Oregon, and other places, Christians have taken their faith out of church buildings and into the world of human need.

The tragedy of these ministries is that so far it has been their rarity that has made them news.

Care as *concern*: this is the basic human quality. Care as *anxiety*: this is the inverted care that has become self-centered. Care as *help*: this is the outgoing care that lives by the imitation of Christ and is, therefore, the kind of care that is a mark of the Christian style of life.

As William Lillie of the University of Aberdeen says, "Christian concern is a concern that will find . . . different forms of expression, some of them very extraordinary and some of them very stupid in the eyes of the world. It is a concern that will find a constant inspiration and strength in the example of Jesus of Nazareth, in a conscious sharing of his concern for others and in a humble realization that what really matters is his charity and not ours. It is his love shed abroad in our hearts that really determines a Christian style of life." □

Lots of Hard Work... But They Love It!



ANYONE watching them hurrying across campus would agree that college students look younger every year.

But they aren't college students. They are high-school musicians—"cream of the crop" from many schools—enrolled for a month of hard work and study in a summer music camp sponsored by the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Pacific (UOP), Stockton, Calif.

Last year more than 200 boys and girls attended the 22nd annual senior camp at the Methodist-related school, and performed under the batons of several of the nation's top conductors. When they left the campus, with its towering shade trees and colorful shrubbery, many said they were taking home with them the one unforgettable music experience of their lives.

TO PLAY in an orchestra under the direction of Arthur Fiedler is like a schoolboy fullback taking a handoff from Bart Starr, or an aspiring young writer collaborating with Truman Capote or J. D. Salinger.

"But it can be frightening," a violinist said, "I expected him to be strict—but he's the greatest!"

Dr. Fiedler, now in his 54th year with the world-famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, *can* be strict and demanding; but he was careful not to intimidate his young charges. "He scolded me a little when I didn't come in at the right spot," said a percussionist. "He was no different, however, from the others"—Carmen Dragon, Hollywood Bowl Orchestra; Leo Kopp, St. Paul Civic Opera; and Dr. Warren van Bronkhorst, University of the Pacific orchestra director.

Said Dr. Fiedler: "I shoot for 130 percent perfection, and expect about 80 percent." He would tell the youngsters: "When you make a mistake like that, make it a good, loud mistake." Or, he would chide: "You were wearing your overshoes on that one!"

Those who thought Dr. Fiedler would be very impatient, since he rarely works with young people, didn't look far enough into his background. "I worked with young musicians during the Depression," he explained. "One of them happened to be a fellow named Leonard Bernstein."



Arthur Fiedler at Pacific Music Camp: Similar scenes will be repeated on campus this year during the 23rd music camp at the University of the Pacific. Each member of the senior camp pays \$285 for four weeks of personal instruction, private study, and group performances under a number of leading faculty and guest conductors. In addition to the senior camp, younger students attend one of five weekly junior camps. "Frankly, we work them very hard," says Preston Stedman, dean of the conservatory, shown at right (above) with Dr. Fiedler and James Douglass, music-camp director. "Our purpose is to enhance musical backgrounds, to challenge, and orient them toward a career," says Mr. Douglass. Students come from all over the West.







With the temperature at 100, band members play "football" on the flooded campus lawn. Summer music campers—involved in everything from orchestra and band to chorus and small ensembles—work so hard that camp officials see the need for a stepped-up recreation program.

"ATTENDANCE here has almost tripled since the first Pacific Music Camp in 1945," says J. Russell Bodley, UOP choral director and faculty member since 1923. (Dave Brubeck is one of his former students.) "Year after year, our youngsters arrive with better training, and prove themselves more and more able. Their talent is high caliber, as is their performance."

The music program at the Methodist-founded school, the state's first chartered institution of higher education, is a comprehensive one. Besides offering a complete graduate and undergraduate program in music at the conservatory, it also includes a winter music clinic which last year enrolled more than 3,000—a 2,000-voice chorus, 675 in band, 300 in orchestra, plus visiting directors.

"We are not training musical robots," says Dr. Stedman. "We seek creativity and an understanding of the richness of music—either as a profession or an avocation—as a means toward living a fuller and more rewarding life."

—HERMAN B. TEETER



After a long day of rehearsal and study, two orchestra members take a sunbath beside the campus pool, a popular late afternoon spot for UOP students.

No matter who you are, you can help solve the problems which threaten to plunge our cities into hate-filled chaos.

However, if you are one of those people who "don't want to get involved," don't read this. You will just be wasting your time.

What YOU Can Do About Urban Crisis

By JANET HARBISON



WHETHER YOU live on the fringes of Harlem or in whitest outer suburbia, you can play a role in helping to solve—in time and with plenty of goodwill and patience on all sides—the terrifying urban crisis. Now that Negroes are resolved to paddle their own canoes even if they sometimes swamp in the process, it may seem hard for white Christian Americans to find a constructive handle to grab. The WASP (white-Anglo Saxon-Protestant) mentality likes to run things and tends to forget how often its own boats capsize.

Still, there are things whites can do to help. If the things are in the main unglamorous, some of them are essential, and all are important. Here are 10 possibilities, sketched briefly for a start. There are many more which your own experience, your church, or your teen-agers will be able to suggest. The numbering is for convenience and does not suggest priority.

1. *Speak up and keep talking.* A lot of white Americans are very gloomy about the urban crisis. They talk themselves into paroxysmal fear. During the Newark riot of 1967, National Guardsmen were young, scared, and trigger-happy. Soon they were firing at any dark figure that moved, infecting one another with misguided zeal. In much the same manner, some white Americans have worried themselves into a state where the only answer seems to be to buy guns—for what exact purpose is not clear.

It will help if you can explain that few Negroes are eager to commit suicide, which they would be doing if they initiated a genuine race war. Negroes simply want the rights most white Americans already have—decent housing, good schools for the kids, a job that brings in enough to live on, protection instead of suspicion from the police, and an equal chance with whites of not getting drafted to go to Viet Nam.

If your friends suggest that Negroes are not inter-

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ested in work, you have to reply that they may have encountered the wrong Negroes, and remind them that some whites don't like to work either. If it's the one about all the other minorities that made it without special difficulties, you remind them that other minorities were not ripped from their previous cultures without a by-your-leave, nor did they start out and go on for a couple of centuries as powerless slaves who could be sold like bags of flour. You will have some lively discussions.

If the subject of the crisis in the cities and the murder of Martin Luther King doesn't come up, bring it up. There can be nothing more sinful in these days than a white dinner party without any mention of America's gravest disease. You owe it to your discipleship to Jesus Christ to get this question talked about where it is most misunderstood—in the ordinary town or suburb of white America. You may feel embarrassed a time or two; after all, who wants to introduce unpleasantness into the tea party or the bingo game? But until a lot more white Americans get educated fast, the trouble will continue. It is bound to get worse in any case, and it is good for some whites to establish where they stand in advance of local crisis.

2. Know what you're talking about. This is very hard work. The President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has produced a book that is 608 pages (and some graphs) in length, a lot of it in rather small print. There are a great many other books in the field. Kenneth Clark's *Dark Ghetto* is a good one; so is Stokely Carmichael and Charles Hamilton's *Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America*. You probably won't be able to read them all, but the commission report is top priority. It will help to read further until you at least know the thinking of Negro leaders such as Roy Wilkins, Floyd McKissick, Bayard Rustin, H. Rap Brown—and the leading black philosophers of your own denomination. The National Council of Churches and almost every denomination have materials that will give you reading suggestions and help you if you want to organize a church discussion and action group. Wrest these from your pastor if he hasn't already mentioned them to the congregation. If you are working with people of a particular denomination, you will want to have handy that group's official statements on the urban crisis and on race. Sometimes they convince people. And if you have not already read the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*, do so. He was a believing Christian when young, but the Christians he saw were too much for him.

You can look, too, at television programs and selected movies. When white people do go into black ghettos—and today that may not be a good idea unless they know the residents well or are escorted—they don't see much. Mostly, they go only on a specific mission; they may see a ghetto that isn't at all a slum. In any case, though, they may see dingy, rather pushed-together buildings, the things that are so bad as to make people fight and burn things down are *inside* the houses, not on the outside. Some documentaries show in aching detail the insides of slum life, with six Negro children sleeping crosswise on a single

bed, with old ladies rotting away their lives in one room. When such programs are scheduled on television, tune in, not out. Perhaps you could show some at a church family-night supper—a Christmas supper would perhaps be especially appropriate.

3. Work for an open community. "Everybody wants Negroes to have better houses—but not in his block," said a gentleman the other day, explaining why the summer-vacation community we were sitting in is segregated. If your community has no Negroes in it, or very few, find out why. Possibly restrictive covenants still are honored, though they are illegal. Maybe nobody has produced the stamina and the cash required to fight through a case of discrimination in selling or renting houses in your town. ("I can't waste six months fighting to get that house," one black professional man remarked. "I've got to get a roof over my four youngsters.") If you live in a white suburb near a city, it is likely that the costs of living in your town are too high for most Negroes. Maybe there are no middle-income apartments, or no apartments at all.

These last problems require working with (or against) the zoning board or other governmental bodies. This is not easy and you can't do it alone. Suburbs got that way because people were getting away from the cities—that is, from poor people, especially poor black people. Suburban residents often don't see any reason why they should have heterogeneous populations. But sometimes it is possible to convince them, particularly if you have convinced a goodly group of local church people first.

Even if you succeed with some of these approaches, you will, of course, not be benefiting the poor Negro who is currently living in a slum apartment with no thoughts of Winnetka or Scarsdale. Some church groups (again it has to be a group effort), particularly those in medium-sized cities with a sizable black population or those in suburbs near big cities, have invested in substandard housing, brought it up to standard or better, and rented it at reasonable rates to Negroes. Sometimes these efforts have had racial integration as a goal, too. It doesn't take a lot of money, since federal funds are available to help. But it does take time and patience and much hard work.

4. Foster police-citizen dialogue. To a group in an inferior position, whether youngsters, foreigners, poor people, or Negroes, the police are by definition to be feared. They are supposed to protect people, but even when we were children, "Cheese it, the cops," was a more usual remark than, "Here comes that friendly policeman," no matter what our teachers said. For people in the situation of present-day ghetto residents, particularly young people, the police are a constant threat. It is often true that policemen assume that a young, dark-skinned man is up to no good, whereas they give a young white man every benefit of doubt. Despite recent crash programs, many policemen still have no special training in human relations. They often are underpaid, and some suffer from the strange brutalizing that comes over certain people as soon as they put on a uniform and take up a weapon.

If you can be instrumental in getting your police, your town fathers, and some ghetto residents together to discuss frankly how they regard each other and what they expect of each other, it may be a beginning. If you live in a lily-white town, go back to No. 3 and work on it until point four becomes important.

5. Support fair employment and better job training for ghetto residents. It is elevating to mouth high-minded clichés to the effect that a man is not, after all, to be judged merely in terms of his job. In our society, though, he is judged pretty severely if he has no job at all, unless he is a special case—a student, for example, or one whose father left him a mint. Too many men in the ghettos have no jobs. Too many men of the ghettos who do have jobs do not get the training or, sometimes, the consideration they need to move on to better ones. Negro women are somewhat better off, for they have traditionally held the bulk of the teaching jobs, in Negro schools at any rate. So let us concentrate on the men.

If you have anything to do with the way a company is run—as executive, shareholder, or consumer—you have an interest in that company's employment practices. Here is a way residents of all-white suburbs and towns can influence what happens in the ghettos. The famous affair in which a number of church bodies, holders of Eastman Kodak stock, came to the support of Rochester Negroes seeking wider employment opportunities at Kodak is a case in point. Actually, as companies go, Kodak has a pretty good record in this regard. But as long as unemployment rates for blacks run somewhere around twice those for whites, the total national record is nothing short of terrible.

Hand in hand with employment, of course, runs job training. Here again, whites who live in the suburbs or in strictly segregated cities can make a contribution. Beyond short-term emergency job-training programs, there is the wider question of vocational education. For years, most communities have offered far better academic than vocational education in public schools. With automation and the computer taking over, people of all races who once might have filled unskilled occupations need particular skills. The kinds of vocational training offered need to be viewed and re-viewed. Up-to-date vocational high schools are rare.

6. Help stamp out second-rate education. Tests indicate that by and large Negro children are not learning as much or as rapidly as white ones. Many of the causes of this ought to be the concern of whites. For one thing, many otherwise excellent (white) teachers automatically assume that dark-skinned children are stupid. Jonathan Kozol brings this out in his book *Death at an Early Age*, and others have reported the same. Most whites share this prejudice to some degree. How to raise up a generation of teachers who will judge each child according to his potential, not prejudge him according to extraneous factors, should be a concern of white suburbia.

The condition of those schools mostly attended by Negroes ought to be looked into in practically every city and suburb. Whites should see to it that decayed

buildings, double sessions, and inadequately prepared teachers stop dragging down the level of schools Negroes go to. The whites can do it; they mostly run the boards of education.

Negro parents have a problem: if their children go to a nonsegregated school, they are often expected to fail. If they go to a segregated school, their horizons stay limited; and while they may be respected by teachers and other pupils, they may not achieve what they could. The question of respect, when you are young, is related to who you are. For too long, black children have been portrayed, and have seen themselves, as the descendants of slaves, nothing more. Whites ought to check textbooks used in their local schools to evaluate how Negroes are portrayed, and what facts are given concerning their origins and cultural heritage. Black people are increasingly conscious of themselves as the descendants of Africans. This, reinforced by the rise of the new African nations, gives



them a culture and a history and a pride. Whites should understand that for Negro children, Swahili is psychologically far more important than Latin.

7. Get involved in a specific project. When children want to play in the suburbs, they just go outdoors. In the posher parts of the cities, there is usually a park handy. But slums are generally close-packed and slum school yards run to concrete. When suburban mothers want to go out, they get a baby-sitter. Slum mothers often can't afford one—which is why you read about three children burned to death in a slum fire in the absence of their mother, but you seldom read such a story about suburbia.

These considerations suggest another line of action for whites who want to do something about the crisis in our cities. Discover what the most pressing needs

are in the ghettos of the city nearest you, and organize to get government (or private enterprise) to fill them. In one place, this may mean working for playgrounds, as some New Yorkers have been doing. In another, it might mean day-care centers, or community recreation facilities. There is virtually no limit to the kinds of projects that can be undertaken by church groups or by individuals.

Perhaps it is not necessary to caution people of goodwill about the sorts of methods that work and don't work in trying to improve life in our cities. A hundred or so suburban young people who went into the slums of New York and worked hard to clean up some vacant lots were aggrieved because the local people simply stood around and watched them work. It was not exactly clear, however, that the slum people were even asked whether they wanted this help. There are volumes of suggested projects in existence—*How Churches Fight Poverty*, a Friendship Press book, has a listing of 60. Any group that really wants to do something can find a suitable project.

8. Send money. Perhaps the most useful thing whites far from any concentration of Negroes can do today is to give money, lend money, make money available through churches and other institutions.

Everything the inner cities need—better lighting, better garbage and trash collection, repair of housing, new housing, training for jobs, improved schools starting at an earlier age—takes a great deal of money. This is something Negroes for the most part lack. But the black community will never come to maturity and to a sense of its own identity until it controls the changes that are to be made in its life. Some church groups already have recognized this and are making outright grants of money to black-controlled groups to be used as they—and not the grantors—see fit.

This is psychologically a hard thing to do, even as it is difficult to give one's child, say, an automobile, and then refrain from checking the car's tires or telling the boy how fast you think he should drive. But giving money with no strings attached is one thing—and may in many cases be the only thing—affluent whites can do, in these days after the murder of Martin Luther King, to help solve the crisis in the cities. Even those black-power groups that are the most independent-minded, the leeriest of any trace of white influence, are quite willing to cash a check no matter who wrote it.

9. Get behind government and push. Whatever individuals and voluntary groups may be able to do to save the cities and the people in them will be a drop in the bucket. Most observers agree that the chief muscle behind any major ghetto improvement will have to be government-supplied. This is why some of the saddest reading in the newspapers lately has been about cuts in inner-city summer poverty-program funds, and about job-training programs suspended because the money ran out.

All levels of government have some share in what happens in our cities and to our black citizens. Voters, of course, determine who government officials are.

And when the mayor of a suburb says, "We don't want or need housing for any one making under \$15,000 a year," as happened in an eastern town not long ago, he thinks he is representing the views of his constituents. If he is not representing yours, let him know.

To insist that government must spend more, much more, in the cities is to vote to have your own taxes raised. This is one reason so fearfully little has been accomplished so far, and one reason Negroes have so little confidence that government, left to its own devices, will save the cities. Public officials fear that a tax rise during their term of office will be remembered by the voters long after whatever good those new funds accomplished is forgotten. Part of the trigger that sets off riots is the visible fact that some small improvement in cities generally follows violence. It isn't a question of "rewarding rioters," but rather an illustration of the old saw about the squeaky wheel getting the grease. Whites, particularly the wealthy whites of the suburbs, have long spoken in tones more audible to the cars of politicians than the voices of the poor.

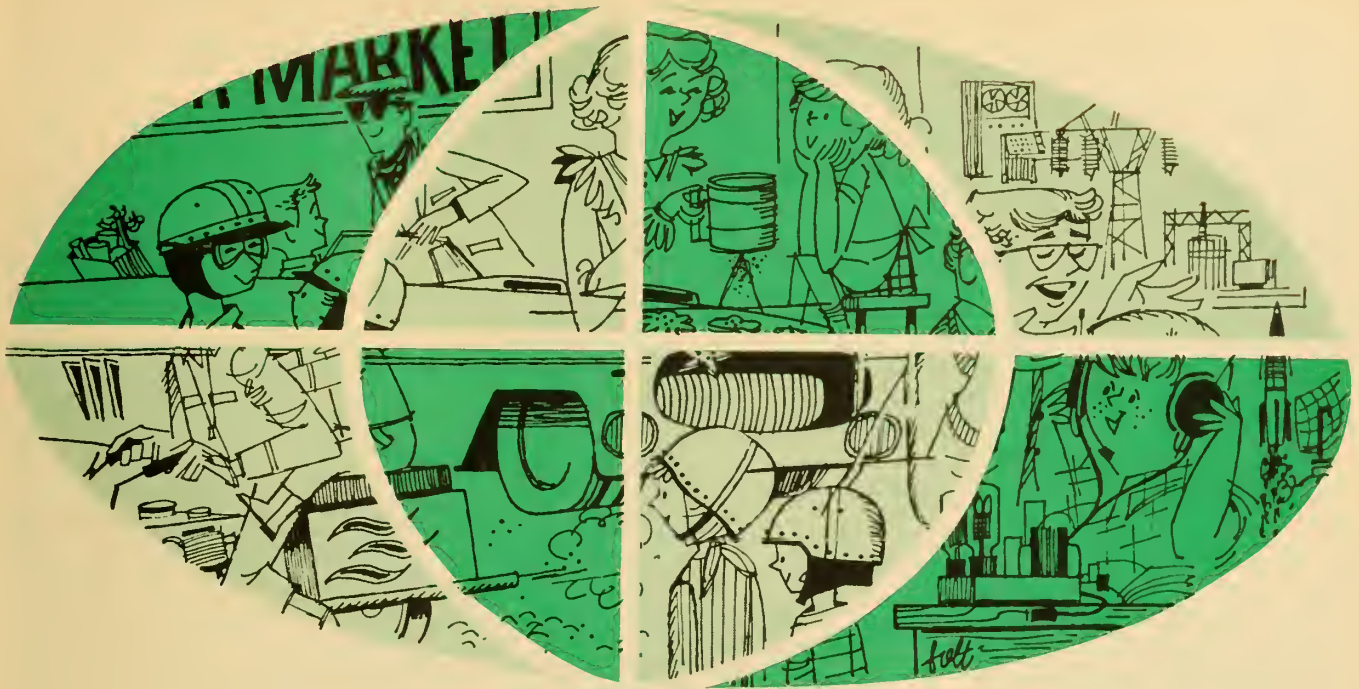
If your elected officials are not moving as fast as you think they should to correct the ills of discrimination, poor housing, and joblessness besetting Negroes in your area, there is a time-honored way to improve things: at the next election, throw the rascals out.

10. Keep the bridges open. In the next period of time, it will become increasingly difficult for whites and blacks to meet each other in liking and trust and co-operation. Black power is bound to be abrasive and threatening to whites. Beyond that, black rioters bring out white counter aggression which brings out allegations of police brutality which usually brings out more rioting. It may not happen like this, but it does seem likely.

It will be tragic if America turns into the kind of two-camp state some are predicting, with contact between blacks and whites only on a negotiating or a confrontation level. Many Negroes and whites are friends, working together, worshiping together, co-operating in community projects, dining, camping, golfing, or bowling together. In the days ahead these friendships will become more precious. Sometimes it may be difficult to preserve them in the face of pressures on blacks to engage in nothing but pure black activities, in the face of the angers and misunderstandings of whites.

Yet these bridges between contending camps must be kept open if America is to come through its ordeal in one piece. Especially must they be kept open in the church, which by definition if not always in practice is a community of all people where race does not count.

This is not a time when it is easy to build bridges between people of different races. "A lot of folk are speaking to me this week that didn't even know I existed last week," said a Negro woman in the aftermath of Martin Luther King's murder. "If they didn't know me last week, I don't know them this week." But it is a time when the preservation of bridges that have been built over the years of shared joy and pain is a most important thing to be about. □



A military chaplain's children have to grow up in homes that are far away from their aunts, uncles, and grandparents. Still, they have no trouble at all discovering . . .

A World of Relatives

By THOMAS W. KLEWIN

SHE tiptoed shyly into the room, put her arms around my neck, and whispered in my ear: "Can I kiss Grandpa, too?"

Lee was our Shelley's inseparable companion. Together the two five-year-olds created their own imaginative world. It offered them an endless supply of wonderful things to do. But now Shelley was experiencing something new to both girls, her first real association with grandparents. Lee obviously wanted to share in the love they had brought.

When I nodded yes, Lee bounced over to kiss and hug the first real, live grandpa she had ever known. Shelley stood by beaming proudly. Later I watched the two little girls take my father's hand and lead him off down the street—to initiate him into the mysteries of their special world.

My parents had made a 1,800-mile trip to spend a few weeks with

us, and as I saw all five of our youngsters blossom under the sunshine of love and attention bestowed on them, I realized what they had missed.

I had grown up where grandparents always had time to listen and talk to us children, where uncles told fascinating stories about their lives and work, and aunts somehow always managed to provide pleasant surprises for small hungry or thirsty adventurers.

I can remember fishing expeditions with Uncle Ernst, setting off in the small hours of the morning when the dew lay heavy on the grass. And I will never forget the elation I felt when I, a boy of 10, was allowed to ride in the cab of my cousin Jerome's truck as "we" hauled paper across the state of Wisconsin.

My five youngsters had never known such joys. My work as a military chaplain had taken them

too many miles from the circle of love which their aunts, uncles, and grandparents could supply. In fact, our many moves have made the majority of our relatives little more than names to the children.

I listen to Shelley offer her nightly prayers and am grateful the good Lord knows what confusion a mobile society creates in the minds of its children. For she prayerfully asks, "Bless Uncle Slim and Aunt Ellie, and Uncle Jake and Aunt Betty," although it is Aunt Betty who is married to Uncle Slim, and Aunt Ellie and Uncle Jake who are husband and wife.

I have the uneasy feeling that our younger ones equate their aunts and uncles with the good elves and fairies who provide nice surprises in secret ways. They know that the cards, money, and gifts that appear so mysteriously in the mail bear the names of relatives who must love them to send things so far. But

getting along Together

The ladies of my sister's church were concerned about an elderly neighborhood woman who lived alone. Thinking she might be in need, they sewed a few garments for her and delivered them one afternoon.

They found her busily sewing—for a family *she* felt was in need!

—MALCOLM U. CARTER, *Louisville, Ky.*

During my husband's first pastorate, an illness in the family involved a great deal of medical care. After the ordeal, my husband went to the doctor's office to make arrangements concerning payment of the bill.

The tall, graying doctor grinned and said, "Rev. Vaughn, let's make a deal. You do your best to keep me from going to the bad place—and I will do my best to keep you from going to the good place!"

My husband agreed and the bill was marked paid.

—MRS. RUTH VAUGHN, *Kansas City, Mo.*

A gay, popular couple was about to be married. Laughter and congratulations prevailed at the rehearsal dinner as relatives and friends wished Tim and Jill well.

Suddenly, Jill noticed Tim was nowhere to be found. Urging the guests to continue, she went outside to search for him. She soon found him in the driveway, talking with a young, radiant-faced blind boy who was in one of the parked cars.

"He couldn't come in," Tim explained. "His parents just stopped by for a minute to congratulate us. So I brought him out a piece of cake."

—JOAN SEIFERT, *Houston, Texas*

Short, cheerful—and true—stories are worth \$5 each to you if you will send them to TOGETHER, and then are accepted. Sorry, contributions not purchased cannot be returned.—EDS.

they have to take this on faith, for they rarely have seen the senders, and really do not know them.

This is the price many children must pay for being a part of an affluent, fluid generation. But we have found compensation. Our children find foster relatives wherever we go.

Mel, the first of many bachelor "uncles," wandered into our family as the result of a casual dinner invitation issued one Sunday after church service. He quickly became a vital member. Piggyback rides for the little ones, tales of his work as a chemist that took our two oldest into the world of science, rides to the corner grocery in his sports car, and pockets full of never-ending surprises made him an eagerly awaited visitor. I was afraid the children's enthusiastic response to his love might overwhelm him, but it never did.

Other young "uncles" have come into the family, chiefly through our contacts with them in the church. "Uncle Bill" opened up a whole new world of radio and electronics to our oldest son, Michael; brought the thrill of a motor-scooter ride to all five youngsters; and showed our girls that doing chores could be fun!

IN TIME, these bachelor "uncles" brought girls "home" with them, and suddenly the children acquired glamorous "foster aunts." They seemed much more sophisticated than their mother—and somehow advice from such "aunts" and "uncles" escapes the aura of being old fashioned that invariably clouds the same advice from parents.

"Aunt Susan" is our Diana's model. Susan was brought into the family circle by Bill. Today she and Bill are married and live a thousand miles away from us, but their influence continues to reach across the miles. In fact, "Aunt Susan" had a houseguest one summer, and when our Diana returned she told us: "She makes my world seem so much bigger."

This need of our children for a larger circle of love has carried their mother's and my friendships out of the limits of our own age, occupation, earning power, and social status. Some of the warmest

and most rewarding friendships the children have brought us have been with people old enough to be our own parents.

Our three girls have recruited these foster-grandparents. Their mother and I have merely cemented the newly formed relationships. "Grandma Carrington," for instance, came to us because she was entranced by Leslie's blonde pigtails. Leslie, in turn, was enchanted by "Grandma Carrington's" baked goodies, the kind every child loves.

Soon Leslie was asking permission to spend the day with "Grandma C." And before long "Grandma and Grandpa C" could usually be found in our backyard during warm Texas evenings.

None of our children will ever forget those two wonderful people who listened to them with such interest, and did the little things that tell children they are loved. Nor will their mother and I forget their pleasant, intelligent companionship as they stayed on for adult conversation after the children had been put to bed.

A Christmas letter from Mrs. Carrington remembered: "I'll never forget the first time my 'Miss Pigtails' walked into the house and we discovered each other. She helped to make each day a little brighter, and gave me the chance to give someone the love I couldn't offer my own grandchildren."

Along the way, Leslie also recruited "Grandpa Ralph" and "Grandma Rosa," while Shelley brought us "Grandma H." Most of the love affairs between foster-grandparents and the children have been a mutual exchange, and all have thrived in the experience.

With each move we make, we know we must help our children find a new world of foster relatives. But this is not hard. Wherever we have gone, we have found people waiting for the opportunity to share their love, and themselves, with children.

As our children accept them, and share with them, we know that they are taking another step toward a maturity in which they will not restrict their love, or their concern, to the walls of their own household. For this we are very grateful. □



Herman E. Krimmel, director of the Cleveland Center on Alcoholism, counsels a couple in the center's new headquarters.

DOWN-TO-EARTH HELP for the Alcoholic

By DONALD W. HAMILL

THE FIRST thing to do in treating an alcoholic is to help him stop drinking.

If this sounds oversimplified and a little silly, don't write it off. It works, according to Herman E. Krimmel, director of the Center on Alcoholism in Cleveland, Ohio.

"There's no use talking about causes until the drinker stops," he points out, "because drinking prevents him from looking honestly at causes."

Mr. Krimmel suggests that one way of getting a drinker to stop is for friends or family to generate a crisis that dramatizes the effects of

his drinking. It is often the only way to make an alcoholic see himself as he really is.

Mr. Krimmel does not waste much time fussing about correct definitions of alcoholism. He puts it very simply: a man is an alcoholic when his drinking continually interferes with any major area of his life—job, family, friends, or health.

In a pamphlet published by the Cleveland Center on Alcoholism, Mr. Krimmel states it like this:

"Mr. Jones may be a model husband and father when sober, but if he horsewhips his wife and throws crockery at the children when he

drinks, then he is an alcoholic."

One of Mr. Krimmel's theories is that alcoholics can be treated by any professional person, not just by a specialist. One objective of the Cleveland center's program is to provide clinical training for professional people.

"Alcoholics should be helped where they ask for help," says Mr. Krimmel. "Physicians, social workers, and clergymen all should be prepared to deal with this problem. The principles involved are within the skills of any professional. Unfortunately, many of them have the idea that only a specialist can

aid the alcoholic, so he gets passed around by people who could help."

Preconceived notions have to be changed. Some social workers, for example, believe that you must first get at the causes of excessive drinking. At the Cleveland center, this concept is secondary consideration; first step is to get the alcoholic to stop drinking. Workers are taught to bring a patient to the point where he says, "If this is what drinking does to me, I've got to stop." This, Director Krimmel believes, is crucial.

Mr. Krimmel, who has a master's degree in social work, has been associated with the alcoholic center since 1957. His quiet manner conceals a lively impatience with threadbare concepts of alcoholism and "platitudes endlessly repeated," as he puts it. As director for the past five years he has had the opportunity to test his own pet theories—with measurable success.

Of the nearly 5,000 patients contacted since the Cleveland center opened 10 years ago, 4,000 returned for treatment. The center has a success record of 42 percent, which is considered high.

Reach Out to Help

Another Krimmel theory is that you cannot reach an alcoholic by waiting for him to come to you. "The alcoholic is the last one who is likely to call you," Mr. Krimmel points out. "He is terrified to continue drinking, but he is more terrified of stopping."

For this reason, some alcoholics will not take antabuse, a prescription medication that causes extreme nausea when alcohol is taken.

One patient at the Cleveland center explained why she had been reluctant to take antabuse. "I wasn't sure I could get by," she said. "I didn't know how I would find any pleasure in anything if I didn't drink." She has not been drinking for about two years.

Another patient, a 33-year-old schoolteacher was, according to Mr. Krimmel, "flabbergasted when we told him the first thing he had to do was to stop drinking." He did not drink during the day. His pattern was to start drinking at four o'clock in the afternoon and continue until he passed out. He

could not understand what else one did with the evening hours.

"This is typical," explains Mr. Krimmel. "It's a part of a way of life with problem drinkers."

Mr. Krimmel firmly believes that the alcoholic has to be motivated to seek help with his problem. "You don't get anywhere with threats," he says, "because the alcoholic won't move as long as he's protected in his drinking. Why should he? He gets satisfaction out of this. So, unless he can see that sobriety is going to be better than drinking, he's not going to stop drinking."

When the telephone rings at the center, it is often a harassed housewife whose husband may be on the floor, dead drunk and exhausted after chasing her about trying to hit her with a bowling trophy. A few questions elicit the information that the wife has threatened to leave him many times, but she never has "because he's such a nice guy when he's sober."

Obviously, this is no way to motivate an alcoholic. More definite action must be taken to convince him that he has struck bottom.

The bottom, says Mr. Krimmel, does not mean the stereotyped tableau of a man wandering drunk about skid row. It can be the point when a man's children don't invite their friends in because they are afraid the old man will be stretched out drunk on the living room floor. It can be when he loses his first job—or his tenth.

Whenever it is, some sort of action has to be taken. An employer, a probation officer, a wife can say to an alcoholic: "I know where you can get help if you want it—and you had better want it!"

Successful motivation can be any crisis that makes an alcoholic realize he had better do something. Sometimes he can discover the necessary motivation himself, as in case reports from the files of the Cleveland center. Here are two:

"Patient went to his garage one morning and was startled to find a parking ticket on his car from a town 50 miles away. He could not recall driving there, or back, but a friend assured him that he had made the trip. It was enough. The man came in for treatment. . . ."

"Subject discovered that when he was on one of his sprees he wrote generous checks to almost anyone who asked. He came to the clinic for help before he was completely ruined financially. . . ."

More often it is some outside influence that motivates the alcoholic person to do something definite about his problem.

An example is the case of the 25-year-old whose parents finally motivated him to seek help. He lived with them in a fashionable Cleveland suburb. A weekend drinker, he usually ended his Saturday night binges in jail. Invariably, his father bailed him out.

After five years of this, the parents finally came to the center for help. A staff member told them they were, in a sense, encouraging their son's drinking by getting him off the hook after each escapade.

The parents were convinced that limits had to be set, and a night in jail seemed to be indicated. Although the mother submitted with some trepidation, she and her husband told the boy that if he wanted to live with them, he would have to change his ways. Knowing his drinking would no longer be tolerated, he came to the center for help. He has been sober for six years.

Home Remedies Won't Work

Unfortunately, some relatives try their own treatments on the alcoholic. Their efforts are seldom successful because the motivation, or crisis, is not strong enough.

"For instance," says Mr. Krimmel, "there's the wife who, just to keep the weekend peaceful, goes out and buys liquor."

"She tells herself, 'I'll drink along with him and maybe he won't drink as much.' Well, that's nonsense. He'll drink with her—not so much perhaps—and then go somewhere else and drink as he always does."

Employers are as hesitant as wives about taking drastic action. Mr. Krimmel has learned from working with companies in the Cleveland area. They will threaten, over and over, to fire the drinker unless he stops, but this does not work. Mr. Krimmel believes an employer should tell the alcoholic worker firmly, "We want you as an

employee, but we want you as a sober employee; we can't use you as a drunk . . . so if you want to stay with us, you have to get help." Where the employee goes for help is his affair.

Is this infringing on the man's rights and privileges? Not at all. At the same time, Mr. Krimmel observes, "The employer has no right to intrude in the man's life unless drinking is interfering with his job."

Mr. Krimmel follows the same philosophy in the center's work with family alcoholic problems. "I don't think you should interfere with somebody's personal life," the director explains. "But once he's reached the point where he's involving other lives, then I think people have the right to say, 'Either you do this or else.' You have to give the person a choice, and you have to mean it."

It is not easy to convince a person to create a crisis by taking drastic action. At the center, for example, when a wife calls about her husband's drinking problems, she is requested to come to the center where the staff can talk with her. She may meet with any of the center's personnel, which consists of Mr. Krimmel, who heads the permanent staff, a casework supervisor, a social worker, an internist, and a consulting psychiatrist. These are augmented by two doctoral candidates in psychology and two third-year resident psychiatrists from Western Reserve University.

In some cases, it takes weeks before a wife is convinced that something definite must be done. After all, if she has lived with the man for 20 years, it is not easy to say, "Look, either you get help within the next two weeks or you leave. The kids and I can't stand this." But it has to be done.

"The choices for the nonalcoholic family members are often difficult," Mr. Krimmel says. "Sometimes they appear to be impossible. We do not know of any magic that can be performed. But experience has taught us that an alcoholic will seek help only when he hits bottom, and it can be helpful to raise that bottom to break his fall as soon as possible."

The Cleveland center also is interested in alcoholism in the poorer

sections of the community. Since alcoholism is a defense mechanism, Mr. Krimmel contends, the individual with little or no income "has a lot more to defend against and has fewer resources to fall back on once he stops drinking."

Unlike his fellow alcoholic in the more affluent neighborhoods, the poverty drinker cannot take up photography or some other hobby to replace the satisfactions of alcohol. This is vital in the treatment of any alcoholic, rich or poor. Something has to fill the vacuum.

"The crux of treating any alcoholic," says Mr. Krimmel, "is helping him to find satisfactions superior to those he found in drinking—or he's not going to stop."

Neighborhood Meetings

In 1964, Mr. Krimmel set up once-a-week meetings for families of alcoholics in a small church located in a marginal neighborhood. This meant accessibility to people in the area. Women could walk to the meeting place in familiar surroundings, and children could be left in the recreation room under supervision.

The meetings were productive. One wife was enabled to take a job, despite objections of her alcoholic husband. Another emotionally battered woman gathered the strength to deliver a long delayed ultimatum that motivated her husband to accept treatment.

Because of staff shortages, the neighborhood program was terminated. But Mr. Krimmel would like

EVENSONG

By Pollyanna Sedziol

Black trees
bend silhouettes
against the opaque sunset.

The breeze
brings renewal
and rest.

These
are all I need
to close the busy day.

The drifting clouds
become my bedtime prayer
as gratefully I yield
to God my all.

to restore and expand neighborhood group sessions. One reason, he points out, is that an alcoholic will not, on his own initiative, seek help from unfamiliar sources—even if his doctor suggests it.

At one time, the center was located within a half block of Cleveland's University Hospital. Yet out of 100 patients referred to the clinic one year by staff physicians, only one came in for treatment.

To overcome this, the Center on Alcoholism is establishing arrangements with some hospitals that provide a more personal contact. Under the plan, the doctor calls the center, and a staff member interviews the subject at the hospital. In this way a relationship is established, and the patient knows whom he will see. The center now is getting more referral patients from the medical centers.

Mr. Krimmel is convinced that further steps must be taken to reach alcoholics throughout the nation.

"We are reaching precious few," he says. "Alcoholics Anonymous, which has done more than any other group, reaches only about 5 to 7 percent of the total alcoholic population. My guess would be that everyone working together—hospitals, social agencies, and others—are not reaching more than 10 percent."

Mr. Krimmel is confident that his philosophy of motivating the alcoholic, going out to find him, and not waiting for him to seek help on his own undoubtedly will be adopted by clinics in other communities, and that many more alcoholics needing treatment will have it.

The important thing, in Mr. Krimmel's estimation, is to put all community facilities to work and to obtain the co-operation of all agencies and professional people. Among these are physicians, clergymen, social workers, nurses, personnel managers, and probation officers.

"Only in this way can we provide the combination of resources suited to the many individuals who seek help," reasons Mr. Krimmel. "It may sound costly and time-consuming, but it is a small price to pay for salvaging human beings and their families." □

Confessions of an Antique Addict

IF YOU'VE ever gone shopping for a shower curtain and come home with a candlesnuffer, or passed a department-store sale without a quiver only to break out in goose bumps at a secondhand auction, you are probably a victim of antiques addiction. The disease is usually incurable, sometimes expensive, and nearly always impossible to explain to a husband.

My interest in antiques had its beginning one spring more than 60 years ago, when my grandfather wrote me a message. He couldn't have known it was for me—for I was not born until many years later—but when I found his note pasted in the back of a discarded mantel clock, I confess to a lump in my throat.

In flourishing script, it read:

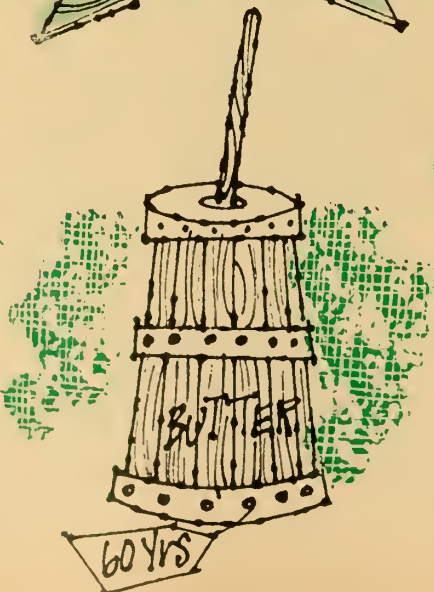
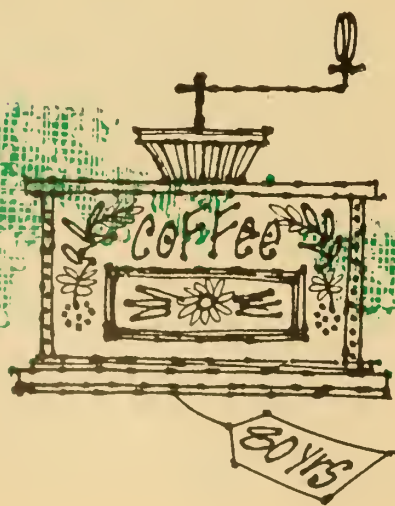
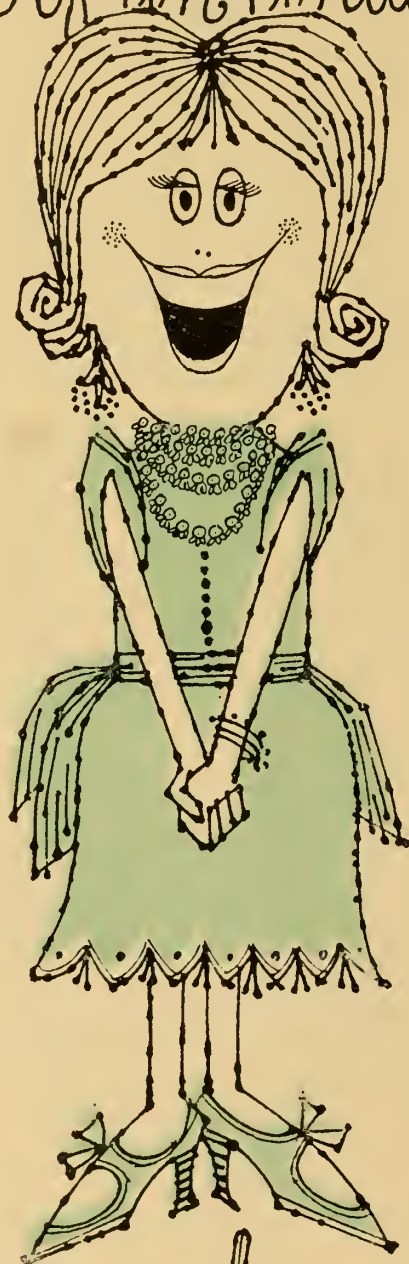
This clock was purchased in September, 1847, it being the first housekeeping item bought after the marriage of William A. Callaway and Emily Bevil, parents of J. E. Callaway. With slight interruption it has kept perfect time to this day,

the day of Mother's death, May 22, 1906.—J. E. Callaway.

This was the meticulous Methodist grandfather I never knew, but whose gold-handled cane—a gift from the Men's Bible Class he taught for 30 years—I had often admired as a child. I think it would please him to know that the clock, with all its original parts, keeps perfect time today on the mantel of another Emily.

That first discovery prompted an all-out campaign to preserve other family possessions, and to accomplish this I have developed the "poor Emily image." Except in cases of extreme necessity, I never buy anything new when something old will serve the purpose. Consequently, sympathetic relatives have plied me with discarded items ranging from fine old marble-top chests to worn-out brooms. I have never refused anything for fear of shattering the image.

But, aside from the sentiment attached to family pieces, I like to shop for antiques. The search can



lead to an imposing estate sale or a country auction, and it embodies all the excitement of a real treasure hunt. A lively curiosity and an eye for potential are sometimes as valuable as the knowledge of an expert, but a certain amount of research will pay off in pleasure as well as profit.

One who is interested in old china, for example, should know that antique Staffordshire can be distinguished from later reproductions by the tiny "spurs"—irregular marks in groups of three, found on the back of each plate and made by the tripods used in firing. A few hours in the library may yield more practical information of this kind than days spent in browsing through antique shops.

The real enjoyment bonus often comes in researching a new acquisition. I once paid a few dollars for a silver spoon with a puzzling array of hallmarks, and spent the next few days bent over two imposing volumes on old silver from the local library. Still I was unable to identify the piece. With the optimism which characterizes a real amateur, I now was convinced that it was a rare and priceless antique.

Despite some misgivings about my boldness, I took it to the nearby Smithsonian Institution. There I was directed to the office of John Pearce, who emerged good-naturedly from a clutter of old chests, books, and furniture, to analyze my one small spoon. My spirits fell as he pronounced the piece cast rather than handmade. With the aid of a powerful microscope, he added that the present handle had been soldered to the bowl and was not a part of the original spoon. Since a "marriage" piece such as this is worth no more than the silver it contains, he must have sensed the disappointment that overcame me.

"Come downstairs for a while," he invited cheerfully. "I'll show you some old spoons I've been cataloging."

For the next hour, under expert guidance, I examined silver dating from the 17th century, including a number of rare "apostle spoons," each bearing as its finial a figure of one of the 12 disciples. Hundreds of years ago these spoons, beauti-

Ah, the OLD TIME

General Store!

The old country store smelled of new gingham, coffee beans, pickles, and stick candy. It was, to a youngster, the most delightful mixture of odors in the world. To many an elderly person today, the old-time general store is the most nostalgic of memories.

For a long time, one of the world's largest general stores was operated at a crossroads in Tennessee. The proprietor lurked in the dark, cool depths from dawn to dusk. Automobiles from all over the nation would stop at the store—but it finally went broke.

Asked how such a busy store could fail, the old man replied: "Wal, nobody ever bought anything. They just came in to smell."
—H. B. Teeter

fully crafted but large and unwieldy, were traditional gifts to children of the nobility. (I could not imagine my own plebeian offspring using one to attack a bowl of cereal!)

My worthless silver spoon is now a prized item in my collection, for it led to an exciting behind-the-scenes afternoon in one of the world's most famous museums, and an enthusiastic interest in a field I had never before explored.

Apart from the pleasure of owning something old and unusual, antiques have a practical side. A wise purchase is an investment for, except in the case of breakage, there is no depreciation in value. Occasionally I have found that a piece which has survived 100 years of normal wear and tear simply disintegrates from mere proximity to five lively children, but for the most part old furniture is amazingly sturdy.

Our largest single purchase was an old pine lazy-susan table from a country home near Leesburg, Va. Five feet in diameter, it seats eight persons comfortably and eliminates the tiresome passing of food back and forth. For the first few weeks, the children were so enthusiastic about this new arrangement that every meal quite literally flew—and we were either quick or hungry.

We've enjoyed our table for company meals, family games, or just a bowl of popcorn on a winter night. I often wonder about the families who used it before us, and

those—our own grandchildren, perhaps—who will enjoy it next.

Sentimental? Yes, indeed. And I think there is a sentimental streak in most antique-lovers that is difficult to find among devotees of the pole lamp and contour couch. I have often despaired of explaining my feelings to the many people for whom old things hold little charm or interest.

A neighbor once told of searching long and painstakingly for an authentic cobbler's bench, an item difficult to find despite the popularity of reproductions. At long last successful, she displayed it proudly to a friend, pointing out the worn places and wormholes, and announcing with enthusiasm, "It's at least 150 years old."

In the painful silence which followed, her friend obviously was trying to think of something to say. Finally, chucking sympathetically, she replied, "Never mind, dear. I'll bet you're just as happy with it as if it were *brand new*!"

Still, the trend toward preserving old furnishings and bric-a-brac is an ever-increasing one. The treasure hunt goes on among the middle-income as well as the upper class, the young as well as the old, the amateur as well as the expert. Sparked, perhaps, by recent interest in the Civil War period, more people than ever are searching attics, auctions, and antique shops.

So don't scorn sentiment. Just *save those leaves from the family tree!* □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.
© 1960 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I rolled down the sleeves of my sweatshirt because I think it is nice to be dressed up once in a while!"

YOUNG people today value honesty. They want adults to "tell it like it is," even if the truth is sometimes hard to take. They get sick of phoniness, of chrome-slick, plastic facades, of TV commercial fantasies. That's why in this column we often show the hushed-up side of human experience. Under cover of distance and anonymity, persons open their lives to our gaze, and we learn from them. Take the letter from this girl:

"Three years ago, at the age of 20, I became pregnant. I was not married. Instead of turning to my minister, parents, or a doctor, I foolishly carried my child all nine months alone, with no help. I am a big girl, and did not show.

"I lived in a hell of my own making, but out of all my loneliness and despair, I found God. He gave me reassurance of his love and forgiveness, and I felt his nearness during the long months. I knew that eventually I would have to tell my parents. This came when my labor had been steady for 14 hours, and I knew I had to get to a doctor and hospital. God gave me a beautiful child, whom I kept and am raising.

"People say I had courage to face my

ordeal alone. I don't believe this. I was a coward, and only God kept me from taking my life. I brought such deep hurt to those I love so much, and I will always feel guilty. No one judged me, and they remained my friends and helped me. No baby ever was loved more than my son.

"Today I am married, and my husband loves my son as his own. We are expecting another baby soon.

"Those who read this might say it all came out well and happy for me in the end. But did it? I lived through such a hell as I never knew existed. There's no glamour in bearing an illegitimate child. The pain and hurt you bring to all those around you will haunt you for the rest of your life.

"Love is wonderful, in the right place, as God meant it to be. But treated in a shameful way, it can break your heart, destroy your self-respect, and make you pay for it dearly.

"I am thankful I kept my son. He is happy and content. But, above all this, I am thankful that God came into my life and helped me. He is still helping me today, and I pray that this letter will help at least one girl, and she won't have to go through what I did."



I have made what I feel is a very wonderful accomplishment. I can pray to God with the faith that he will listen and answer. I believed in God before, but I could never really feel that special closeness to him.

Then, some months ago, my boyfriend and I broke up. We had been going together for a year and a half so it hit me hard. I felt so lost mentally that I was affected physically, too. Finally, it got so bad that I couldn't even think or talk without crying. And every time I saw my boyfriend I felt sick.

My parents made me stay home from school one morning. I cried my heart out and, seeking a possible refuge, I read several chapters in Matthew about Jesus' Sermon on the Mount. It really helped me, and from that moment on I have truly felt a friend in Jesus.

I don't go around telling everyone this because I realize that everyone finds Him in his own way and in his own time, as I did. I'm just happy to have found Him.—J.Y.

Thank you for your witness. It is easy in a secular age to forget the

elemental truth your experience illuminates. In time of grief every man dies a little. In the desperation of dying, he often discovers the Source of life.



My boyfriend and I have been going together for many months. We have fun together and enjoy each other's company. He went away this summer. He wrote me a letter in which he said, "I'm sorry, but I feel I can't act natural in your company because you are a preacher's daughter." I love the boy and I was heartbroken because he felt this way. So what if my father is a minister! I would still be the same girl even if he weren't, wouldn't I? Please help me!—B.H.

Being a minister myself, I can feel with you the deep injustice in this situation. Unfortunately, ministers' children live under the same curse as the children of celebrities. They are seldom accepted just for themselves because their family plays such a prominent and symbolic role in the community. It is especially burdensome to be cast in the role of guardian of the community morals. Somehow it makes people feel they have to apologize for being human in your presence.

I hope you can find friends who are secure enough in their own identities that they can accept you in yours. When you move out of your small town to go to college, the pressures will diminish. You might like to read the excellent study *Minister's Wives* (Harper and Row, \$4.95) by Dr. William G. Douglas. It shows that ministers' families share values which more than counterbalance any community pressures.



My best friends and I have a serious problem and we hope you have the answers. We all believe that sex relationships should wait until marriage. However, we have had experiences that when a boy tried something and we said "no," he dropped us. I now have boys who call me weird, cold, iceberg, and queer! They usually

give my current boyfriend the "word" about me. How can I keep a good reputation (and conscience) and still be liked by the boys? I care for a certain boy very much but he will probably drop me when I keep saying "no." How can I explain how I feel about sex (I'm all for it, but I want to wait!) and make him understand? The majority of girls gives in to boys and I am beginning to ask myself, What's the use? Why don't I just give in and be considered "normal"?—C.T.

Don't give up right in the middle of a good fight! Those boys need to learn someday that girls are *people*—and do not like to be used, coerced, blackmailed, and lied to. If premarital sex were in all other ways right, it would still be wrong to force another into it with threats of ridicule and rejection.

In some schools the fellows find it hard to get dates unless they have a safe-driver sticker. Why don't you girls organize and serve notice: decent conduct or no dates!



I am the president of my local MYF group. I am trying to find some ideas for different types of meetings. We don't have too many members (about 25) because we live in a small town. Our meetings seem to get in a rut and we need some ways to liven them up. I would appreciate any ideas you could give me.—P.W.

Write to the Rev. Kenneth J. Mitchell, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202. He and the other members of the youth staff of the Methodist Board of Education can tell you how to come by creative ideas.

Also, your pastor can give you the name of your annual-conference director of youth work. He will know what groups in your area are doing.



I am a 13½-year-old eighth-grader and get straight A grades, participate in band and chorus, and until a knee injury, I was playing on our basketball team. I like a girl in my class very much, but she thinks of me only as a friend. She likes a boy in 7th grade and I guess I should be jealous, but I am not very much.

I hesitate to tell her, because I'd get razzed at home and at school. As an example: today I was walking home for lunch, when one of the girls in our class caught up with me.

She's a good friend and I talked to her about my knee and problems at school. My little brother saw me, and he told my older brother we were holding hands. I shall hear about it for months.

To complicate matters, a group of girls is trying to make me like a girl who likes me. She is a good friend, but that's all. What shall I do?—D.E.

It sounds as though you are doing all right without any help from me. I say just keep on being yourself, liking whomever you like, and when they tease you too much, tell them you can get along fine without any comments from them.



In the December, 1967, *Teens Together* [page 49], a 13-year-old girl wrote to you about her friend, who had a well-developed figure and who was being falsely accused of immoral behavior by the popular kids.

I couldn't help but remember my scars from an almost identical situation. My parents were separated also, and many threatening notes were written to my mother. For what it's worth, I wanted to pass along what helped me:

I prayed, and prayed, and prayed.

After many tears and much praying, in my mind I forgave my accusers and set out to disprove them by my actions. I joined as many school activities as I could and continued being myself, speaking and smiling to all as I had been taught.

When dating time rolled around, I went, and continued being what I truly was.

I spoke to my accusers in the same manner that I spoke to others, always being a lady.

In the end, I was the winner. By the way, I also had a good friend who stood by me during this time—my greatest comfort. Later I stood by her during an unfortunate situation. To this day we are the best of friends.—L.G.

Thank you for sharing the wisdom you gained from a courageous encounter with hard reality.



I have written you in hopes that you could give me the name of a qualified man of medicine who could answer my questions on the drug LSD. It is very important I obtain this informa-

tion, but I don't know of anyone to write to. I am not writing for myself but for someone very close to me. This person needs answers to the questions he asks, and I cannot give them. I need an expert to guide me. I would appreciate any information you could give me.—P.B.

Some time ago I wrote an article on LSD for the *Christian Advocate* [see *Cults of Chemical Comfort*, February 11, 1965, page 11]. I'll send you a copy, along with the latest medical information. If others wish copies, I'll be glad to send them.

All the new medical evidence reveals LSD to be a very dangerous drug. It can trigger serious emotional illness and cause genetic damage. Other drugs are equally dangerous in their own way, and probably are more widely used—amphetamines, barbiturates, and the like. Marijuana is much milder, but some experts say using it encourages young people to go on to more damaging drug use.

Few realize it, but alcohol is the most dangerous addicting drug widely used in Western society.

The real question of faith is: Will we face up to life openly and courageously, or will we lean on crutches and escape into fantasies? One of the best books on this basic question is *Escape From Freedom*, by Dr. Erich Fromm (Avon, \$1.25; Holt, \$6.75).



I have a terrible problem. I am dreadfully afraid of boys. My friends all get me dates, but I get so scared that I mess everything all up. I went to the movies with a real nice boy on Saturday. He is very sweet. He wanted me to go to the park with him the next day but I was too scared. If you only knew all the trouble my friends went to just to get me to go to the movies. I get so scared that I get sick to my stomach. If I don't get used to going out, I'm going to be an old maid the rest of my life.—P.S.

These painful, humiliating feelings must be just about the worst part of growing up. Several forces usually feed into this problem of shyness. One is just plain inexperience. Most people are awkward and a little fearful when they enter a new realm of experience. Confidence comes with practice. You need lots of opportunities to talk with boys in the safety of larger groups. Work with your girl friends to plan house parties or group dates.

Adolescence is a cocoon-bursting time. You are testing your wings in



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What is 'limbo'? Actually, we must go back to medieval times and the word "limbus," or the border of hell, whither the souls went whose owners died without sin, but also without Baptism. They were not condemned to torture—so the church fathers taught—but they did not enjoy the pleasures of paradise. They were usually unbaptized infants, idiots, the mentally deficient, the irresponsible. They were the lost, desolate, forgotten, as most people thought.

The questioner asks why unbaptized infants were consigned to limbo and not competent adults who were without guilt of original sin. The answer depends upon one's notion of whether original sin is or is not always subject to punishment.

Does the Bible condemn homosexuality? Yes, in several passages. Romans 1:27-32 mentions unnatural intercourse along with envy, rivalry, treachery, rapacity, and malevolence. But the Scriptures also urge pity and empathy toward those who are enmeshed in this sin against themselves and others.

Society frowns on the homosexual, and he moves from place to place and from job to job. He runs from society and from the lust within himself, and an important part of the problem is to deal with his guilts. Only the understanding love of Christ can help him.

What is 'incarnational theology' in politics? In politics, as in every other department of human activity, we have the responsibility of acting for God, as his instructed delegates. We never say, "Politics is too dirty or too dangerous!"

Jesus was involved in the political maneuvering of the Sadducees and Pharisees, even though he called them whitened cups full of uncleanness (Matthew 23:25); and he may have been killed through the misdirected enthusiasm of a Zealot (we would call him an "extremist").

This suggests that we ought to think of ourselves as incarnations of God's Good News (remember Luther's insistence that we are "little Christs") in the political order of things—or, is it disorder?

T. Otto Nall, bishop of Methodism's Minnesota Area, is a former editor of CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and author of several books. He would be happy to have your questions about faith and church. Address him in care of TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.—Editors

your new identity as a woman. This takes some getting used to, and time is the only cure. Strong new interests in the other sex are often frightening at first. It helps to learn to affirm yourself as a woman—boldly and openly to thank God that he created you able to love and be loved.

You may have developed a rather negative image of yourself. Low self-esteem makes us afraid of intimate friendships. Somehow we need to soak up the amazing fact of our worth as God's children. The best way to do this is to develop a relationship of deep trust with some understanding adult, such as your minister or youth counselor. One good prayer discipline is to let yourself rejoice and thank God every time you get a good feeling about yourself or win some little victory. Learn to praise God for his wondrous creation—namely, you!

Qa

I am a girl, 18, with a very personal problem. My mother and father insist that I have a complete physical examination because I am growing into womanhood and I should be examined regularly. My problem is that I get so embarrassed when the doctor examines me that I feel like running away. The last time I had a checkup, my father went with me. The doctor undressed me and my father stood close by him the whole time and watched. I was so humiliated I almost cried. I am not a two-year-old child! I know I am still growing and should be examined, but do you think it should be so often, and especially that my parents should watch?—S.L.

I definitely do not. I can't imagine why the doctor allows this invasion of your privacy, apart from some clear and important indication of medical need. Your folks must be the victims of superstitious harking back to old European cults of virginity-worship. In some cultures yet today, parents know their daughter may not find a husband unless she remains a virgin, so naturally they get quite anxious about it. The high ideal of Christian chastity is quite another thing, both in spirit and in practice.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS

Enter, A Savage

Children and missionaries learn a terrifying lesson on a Samoan church's annual collection day.

By WILLIAM C. FRANCIS

IT WAS offering day on the island, and the little Samoan church was filled. A steady procession of givers passed to drop their coins into the metal dish on a table in front of the pulpit. The choir was singing and I, as one of the ministers present, helped count the money coming in.

Suddenly there was a bloodcurdling shout at the door, and an almost naked man leaped into the church. His face and body were daubed with red and black pigments, his hair was dishevelled, and he brandished a double-barreled gun.

Shouting and leaping, he aimed the gun first at one chief and then another. My colleague and I tried to keep on counting as he moved slowly down the aisle toward us; and the choir bravely continued to sing until the gun was held a few inches from the nose of the choirmaster.

Then, with a last bound, the man reached our table and was holding the gun a few inches from my face.

Over 40 years have passed since that alarming moment. I have never been able to forget the things that led to the climax of this sudden invasion of a church by a menacing figure—whose appearance and every action spelled out hate, violence, and bloodshed.

The Samoans in the congregation that day were a people of independent spirit who gave freely and liberally to their church and who had become self-supporting. In addition, they gave generously to missionary work in other parts of the Pacific, both in money and workers.

A lovable people who had come a long way since the first missionaries arrived more than a century before, they set aside one day each year for their offerings to be received. Some

months before the designated day certain areas of the coconut palm plantations are declared sacred for the church. The coconuts of these areas, as they ripen and fall, are left untouched until shortly before the day of offerings. Then the villagers go to work in family groups, each in its own plantation, to gather the nuts, husk and split them open. The white kernels are laid out on mats to dry. The resultant copra is then sold to traders and the money set aside for offering.

On that unforgettable day, three or four villages were meeting together in the largest church. As usual, it was taking a long time to receive the offerings. The ministers with a Samoan secretary, sat behind the table amid a good deal of suppressed excitement as the head of a family was called. Each came forward and took his place beside the table, and in a few words gave thanks to God because his family had been able to support the work of the church.

Outside, other members of the family were waiting. The mothers held big bags of silver coins, usually containing florins or two-shilling pieces. Coins were given to each member of the family and the single-file procession down the aisle began. One by one the coins were tossed into the tin dish with as much noise as possible. Small coins were greeted with groans, but an American silver dollar, striking the metal bowl and dropping among the smaller coins, would be greeted with shouts of delight.

When the man with the gun leaped into the room, we ministers were busy counting the money and announcing the amount given after each family had completed its offer-



Uttering a bloodcurdling yell and brandishing a gun, the wild man bounded down the aisle to menace the choir and ministers.

They Call Him 'Mr. Sunshine'



FROM the outside, everything looks bright at Sun City, Ariz. The 10,000-person retirement community has plenty of sun, golf courses, and people interested in painting and music lessons.

But there is a darker side, too. Scores of the residents are sick or handicapped. There were few places they could turn to for help until about six years ago, when the Rev. Duane Thistlethwaite, a retired Methodist, moved into Sun City.

Mr. Thistlethwaite, 76 years old, is the motivating force behind Sunshine Service, Inc., a self-help group made up of 400 volunteer Sun City residents. Sunshine Service provides hospital beds, wheelchairs, crutches, walkers, and other equipment for the handicapped; emergency transportation to clinics and hospitals; aid to the bereaved at times of death; and no-interest loans to those temporarily in financial difficulty.

"We try to bring good cheer and sunshine to chase the gloom away," says Mr. Thistlethwaite.

He and his wife, Fern, moved to Phoenix to retire in 1959, after more than 30 years in the ministry. Soon after, they moved to Sun City, where he was quickly placed on a visitation committee of the Sun City Civic Association.

Seeing a wider need for services in the community where all dwellers are at least 50 years old, Mr. Thistlethwaite founded the Sunshine Committee (later to become Sunshine Services, Inc.). The membership dues he began collecting would go toward helping needy Sun City residents.

"I realized that there were many persons here, not well off financially, who frequently needed such things as wheelchairs or hospital beds and other items for the handicapped," the minister recalls.

One sick man wanted to return home from a nearby hospital, but first he needed a hospital bed. It

would cost him \$35 a month on a rental basis. There was some money in the committee treasury, so Mr. Thistlethwaite recommended that four such beds be procured. Now a new building for the Sunshine Service houses sickroom equipment valued at nearly \$8,000.

Land for the building was donated by the community developer. Within a four-month period, the city's 100 clubs raised more than \$12,000. Soon a 30 by 50-foot building was completed, containing a pleasant office and the needed equipment warehouse.

Today, according to Mr. Thistlethwaite, money for the building's maintenance and the purchase of additional equipment comes from organizations and from individual memorials and wills.

Working 8 to 10 hours a day, the "retired" minister carries on his service to the community. He carefully purchases new equipment, frequently delivering it to those in need. He meets with relatives of the handicapped and explains the Sunshine program: no charge to the borrower as long as the person is from Sun City and returns the equipment when finished with it.

Along with dispensing the equipment, the minister is able to console and encourage the sick.

"So often these people need someone to discuss their problems with as much as they need the equipment," he explains. "I am ready to go at any time of the day or night. We've had plenty of nighttime calls."

Mr. Thistlethwaite also meets monthly with district chairmen to make certain that calls on the sick are being made and that no one in need is left unaided.

Mr. Thistlethwaite may have left the pulpit, but he hasn't retired from life—as countless handicapped and shut-in persons along his "network of sunshine" can readily testify.—HENRY F. UNGER

ing. But it is not easy to keep on counting with both barrels of a gun staring you in the face. Knowing something of the old guns Samoans possessed, I realized this one probably was so worn that if I breathed on the trigger it would go off—provided it was loaded, of course.

It was loaded, for the man slowly turned, pointed it toward one of the unshuttered windows, and fired both barrels. The smoke from the old gun ascended to the ceiling. A sigh of relief went up from the congregation.

Next, the man came forward to the Communion rail and gently placed the gun on the kneeling step. Then, fumbling in the few clothes he wore, he produced a bag of money which he emptied—with a great clatter for a moment—into the metal dish.

He stood for a moment, then he turned to the people and loudly cried, "Let us pray."

In the hush that followed, he poured out a most fervent prayer, thanking God for what had been done for the people of Samoa since the Gospel of Jesus Christ had been brought to the little group of islands, and prayed for continuance of the work among his people.

No longer menacing, he bowed to us, left the church, and a little later returned fully clothed to take his place in the congregation.

Later, I asked my Samoan secretary about this strange act. "Tell me," I said, "what this was all about."

"That was the most wonderful thing I ever saw," he replied enthusiastically. "That man was teaching the children."

He told me how the children of Samoa were growing up in peaceful villages, in clean and happy homes, without fear.

"They grow up thinking it was always like this. They know nothing of the savage days of the past. Now they have seen the difference Christ has made and how much they owe to him and his Church in Samoa. That man was reminding them of the wild days when there was fighting between the villages and there was much to fear."

Perhaps, I thought, Samoan children are not the only ones who need to be reminded of this. I am sure the children of that far-off island did not forget. Nor have I. □

Looks at NEW Books

MAN'S EFFORTS to carry on God's work have been full of incredible bravery and beauty—and also of blunders, bigotry, and blood. This comes out in stunning style in *The Progress of the Protestant* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$14.95).

This excellent pictorial history by John Haverstick traces the story of Protestantism from the Waldensians, who broke with the Roman church in 1173, to theologians like Barth and Tillich. Says Haverstick: "Men have tried in countless ways to prove the existence of a Spirit of Good, i.e., a God. It is part of the Protestant genius that, always, each of these ways has been—and still remains—open to profound questioning, perhaps most of all by the Protestants themselves."

During the shocked and horrified hours following the fatal shooting of Sen. Robert Kennedy, Americans everywhere kept asking through their grief if we are living in a world that has gone mad.

Arthur Koestler, who is a distinguished thinker and writer, believes the explosive growth of the human brain has resulted in faulty co-ordination between ancient and recent brain structures. In other words, he thinks mankind is crazy and that if we do not find something that will cure us, we will commit race suicide.

The cure he envisions in *The Ghost in the Machine* (Macmillan, \$7.95) is a pill that will reduce our paranoid tendencies and produce "neither euphoria, nor sleep, nor mesmeric visions, nor cabbage-like equanimity" but would promote cerebral co-ordination and harmonize thought and emotion.

"To hope for salvation to be synthesized in the laboratory may seem materialistic, crankish, or naïve," he says. "What we expect from it, however, is not eternal life, nor the transformation of base metal into gold, but the transformation of *homo maniacus* into *homo sapiens*. When man decides to take his fate into his own hands, that possibility will be within reach."

The Ghost in the Machine is not science fiction. It is a sober, reflective book in which Koestler explores the pathology of the human mind. But

still, I cannot accept Koestler's diagnosis of the human condition. To my not wholly secular mind, his hope for salvation puts too much faith in man and not enough in the providence of God. There are writers who can give us a broader, and better, basis for understanding what is happening to us. Two of them are Konrad Lorenz and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin.

George F. Kennan has been posted repeatedly at the threshold of crisis. In 1933 he was a member of Ambassador Bullitt's small staff that reopened the American embassy in Moscow. When Hitler declared war on the United States, he was in Berlin, and was interned for six months. From 1944 to 1946 he was Ambassador Harriman's right-hand man in Moscow; later he was for a year the United States ambassador to the USSR. He played a major part in developing and implementing the Marshall Plan, helped reform our occupational policy in Japan, drew up a blueprint for the peaceful settlement of central Europe.

His *Memoirs, 1925-1950* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$10) is his fascinating highly personal account of the early years of this career that touched so many critical areas of world history. If his warnings about the Kremlin had been heeded back in the 1940s, he might have changed some of that history.

George W. Ball's appointment as United States ambassador to the United Nations makes his *The Discipline of Power* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50), published just before his appointment, as significant as it is forthright.

He believes that the United States in recent years has used its power too exuberantly, has tried to fill power vacuums quickly and preemptively without always counting the cost or the profit. Disciplined use of power, he says, implies a framework, a concept—a set of objectives by which a proposed action can be measured and its costs and potentials assessed.

The present stalemate in Viet Nam, he points out, is the dead end of using power without counting the



Theologian Søren Kierkegaard, who was a sharp critic of the church, was himself criticized cruelly by his contemporaries. One, Wilhelm Marstrand, drew this cutting caricature of him. From *The Granger Collection*, it appears in *The Progress of the Protestant*.

cost. He does not believe, however, that China is a serious threat to the United States because its nuclear capacity, large armies, and mass-labor methods are no substitute for advanced technology, industrialization, and gross national product.

He sees Japan as the essential factor in Asian stability, and he is convinced that in western Europe political union is the only way to accomplish the safe reunification of Germany and achieve the full benefits of the economic integration that was begun by the creation of

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the European Common Market.

An international lawyer (he was the partner of Adlai Stevenson), Ambassador Ball has served as counsel to Jean Monnet and the European Economic Communities. As undersecretary of state to both President Kennedy and President Johnson, he was one of the few top-level officials to argue against military escalation in Southeast Asia. In *The Discipline of Power* he is equally open about other opinions that are crosswise of United States foreign policy in the past. It will be interesting to see if his appointment as UN ambassador indicates a change in state department thinking.

Agreeing with him on most questions about Asia is Edwin O. Reischauer, Harvard professor who was our ambassador to Japan from 1961 to 1966. *Beyond Vietnam: The United States and Asia* (Knopf, \$4.95) is Prof. Reischauer's cogent analysis of basic problems in Asia and what we can do about them. Like *The Discipline of Power*, it is candid and highly readable.

E. R. Braithwaite, who is Guyana ambassador to the United Nations, has been a schoolteacher and a welfare worker in London, England. Out of his experiences as a teacher in a slum school came the best-selling *To Sir, With Love*, now made into a film starring Sidney Poitier.

In *Paid Servant* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95) he writes about the people he never could think of as "eases" when he was in welfare work. *Paid Servant* is an optimistic book because he believes in people; it is a compassionate book because he loves them. It reminded me of the excellent television series, *East Side, West Side*, which has vanished, regrettably, from the air.

An industrial missionary is a priest or minister who spends long hours in factories and union halls, talking with workers during lunch and coffee breaks, meeting with management, trying to bring the Gospel into the realities of industrial life in a relevant and meaningful way.

Such a missionary is Scott I. Paradise, an Episcopal minister who learned this difficult "trade" in the Sheffield Industrial Mission in England and came back home to America to practice it with similar missions in Detroit and Boston.

Detroit Industrial Mission (Harper & Row, \$5.95) is his fascinating personal story of seven years in Detroit. It reveals small successes, but it is not a success story. It is hard for a Christian missionary to enter into the thought forms and technical structures

of industry, hard for people on the production line or in the plant office to find freedom in either management or union structures to live Christianity on weekdays as they are exhorted to do it on Sunday. How to come closer to these possibilities is a challenge to both minister and layman.

The ministry is a vocation, and equally so is the laity, Methodist minister Daniel D. Walker reminds us in a readable paperback on how laymen can be part of the revolution sweeping through the church. Then why should he title his book *Enemy in the Pew?* (Harper & Row, \$1.95)? It is because he sees menaces like status-seeking, self-righteousness, irrelevancy, ignorance, fear, and helplessness in the sanctuary and in the everyday life of the Christian community.

Dr. Walker, who is pastor of the First Methodist Church in Pasadena, Calif., thinks in terms of present structures and terminology, and readers who feel threatened by the usual run of books on renewal will find a reassuring path to it here. Dr. Walker believes firmly that the problems ahead for the church can be faced and handled, that God is not dead, and that many laymen have already thawed out if indeed they ever were God's "frozen people."

One woman's thoughts and feelings are the warp and woof of *Look to This Day* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$5.95). Wilma Dykeman, however, is not an ordinary woman, any more than the view of the Smokies she sees from her window is the usual backdrop for writing. Intelligent, sensitive, aware, she can make the smell of pines rise from the page and the description of a far-off cathedral shimmer in the air. And so the fragments in this book are interesting and evocative, whether she writes about a sunrise over the mountains, or talks with old friends.

Few American publishing companies can claim to be as old as The Methodist Publishing House, which was founded in 1789. James Penn Pilkington tells the story of the first 100 years of Methodist publishing in *Volume I of The Methodist Publishing House: A History* (Abingdon, \$7.50). It is a story inextricably entangled with the growth and westward expansion of American Methodism and the American people.

The descendant of families that were closely identified with American Methodism in its earliest days, the author is personnel manager of the Publishing House and executive advisor for its 35,000-volume library. Research in early American Methodist

publishing was carried out by Leland D. Case, former editorial director of TOGETHER and the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, now retired.

Eighty years young and still going at a pace that would exhaust men half his age, veteran missionary evangelist E. Stanley Jones has taken time out to write his spiritual autobiography. He calls it *A Song of Ascents* (Abingdon, \$4.95), reminding readers that Psalms 120 to 134 are called "Songs of Ascent" because people sang them as they went up to Jerusalem. Optimistic and vital, Dr. Jones still reaches upward.

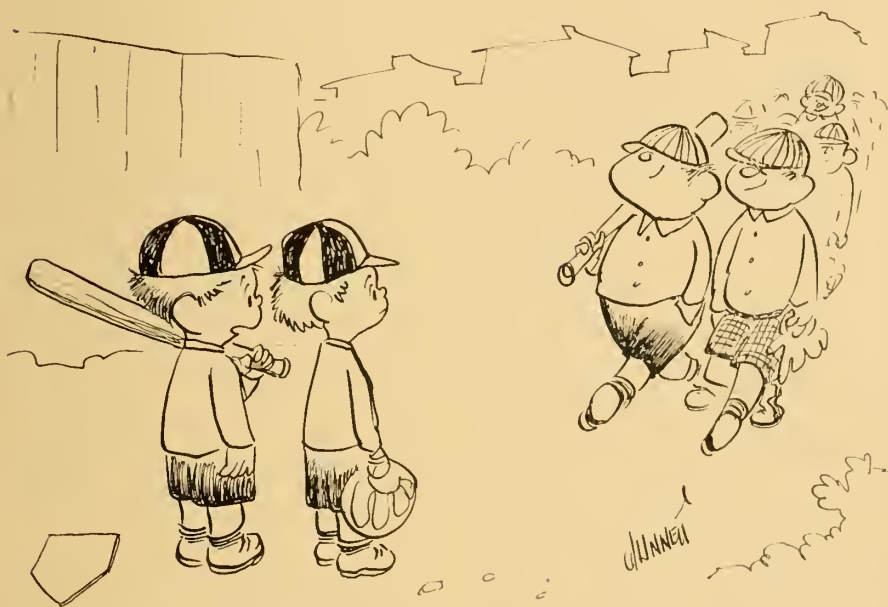
He is a legend now. In 1907 he was landing in India, the ministry that has made him missionary to that land and evangelist to the world still ahead. Unabashedly lyrical, his autobiography shares his spiritual development with such enthusiasm that I agree with the Hindu who called him a "God-intoxicated child of nature." And in these days of dialectical talk this can be a refreshing change.

him; Mrs. Greer's own daughter, Christi, at first refusing to attend because "the kids just act silly and cut up."

Mrs. Greer discovered the kids did not really want to act silly, that when she gave them a chance, they responded with the dignity they yearned to achieve. Parents and workers who do not have the knack of getting this response from their younger teen-agers will want to know how Mrs. Greer did it.

In *The Long Walk Home* [page 22], my friend Herman B. Teeter has written compellingly about revisiting the hills and streams of his native Ozarks. And in a book about *The Life of Prairies and Plains* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95), wildlife expert Durward L. Allen has taken me back to the grasslands of my childhood.

Instead of going back a mere 40 years, though, Dr. Allen's book zooms back to 1491 to reconstruct an ecological community that has all but vanished from North America. Part



"I don't like the odds—let's pray for rain."

"I felt exactly like a dose of castor oil being offered to those 14-year-old boys and girls."

It was the last night of the church year and Virginia Greer was being introduced to the boys and girls she was going to work with on Sunday nights during the following year. She tells about her experience, and theirs, in *Give Them Their Dignity* (John Knox Press, \$3). There was Paul, announcing that: "... even my mother doesn't understand me"; Dick, avoiding meetings until a Buddha's face peeking out of a shoebox intrigued

of a series titled *Our Living World of Nature*, it is illustrated with more than 100 color photographs and full-color diagrams. To the prairie-born, at least, this book is exceptionally beautiful.

Unless we can understand, and work with instead of against, the interrelationships of all things in the living world, earth can become a wasteland, man only a memory. Lois and Louis Darling take this seriously, and never talk down to the junior readers for which they wrote and il-



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lustrated *A Place in the Sun* (Morrow, \$3.95).

Beginning with the fields and woods of their own Connecticut farm, they show how all life, everywhere, is so closely interwoven that disturbing the balance anywhere ultimately changes the balance everywhere. Young people who will have to grapple with the problems of imbalance already created will find a solid base for understanding them in this book.

The 1962 Nobel Prize for Medicine and Physiology went to Francis H. C. Crick, James D. Watson, and Maurice H. F. Wilkins for solving the structure of deoxyribonucleic acid, better known as DNA, the molecule of heredity. When the three scientists, two British, one American, cracked the secret code a decade earlier, new light was shed on how genetic directions are transmitted and forms of life are ordered from one generation to the next.

Only 24 at the time of the discovery, Watson was in Europe on a postdoctoral fellowship to learn the biochemistry of DNA. With some maneuvering, he managed to get himself admitted to the Cambridge laboratory where work on DNA was going on. He tells about it in *The Double Helix* (Athencum, \$5.95). The title refers to the structure of DNA, but the book is as much about scientists and the ways of science as it is about DNA. If Watson is too brash in his views of other scientists, he is even more frank about revealing himself as a young man in a very great hurry.

She was the wife of an obscure English country parson whose activities were restricted to her family and her husband's parish. That is one view of Susanna Annesley Wesley, who bore 19 children in 21 years and constantly struggled with debt. Yet the indomitable Susanna gave the world two geniuses of the first rank, John, founder of Methodism, and the great hymn writer Charles.

In *Susanna, Mother of the Wesleys* (Abingdon, \$4.50), Rebecca Lamar Harmon departs from the usual biographical format to consider what made this remarkable 18th century woman so unusual. Backed by years of careful research, this book is a historically accurate study of a woman who was a constant source of strength to her husband and a highly effective teacher and adviser to her children.

Few books about John Wesley are as interesting as his own journals, but a new profile that sets his ministry in historical perspective catches the spirit as well as the historical record and fairly bursts with life. *John Wesley*:

The Burning Heart (Eerdmans, \$4.95) is by A. Skevington Wood, whose evangelistic and expository ministry in Britain and elsewhere has been in some respects like Wesley's own. Mr. Wood is a minister of Southlands Methodist Church in York, England.

" . . . those whites who are willing to take the risks of involvement form the most important resource for communication during the time of intensifying conflict, which surely lies ahead," says Joseph C. Hough, Jr., in *Black Power and White Protestants* (Oxford, \$5.75, cloth; \$1.75, paper).

This book has some cool-headed things to say about getting involved to church people who have reached the point where they are ready to act but do not know what to do. Chairman of the faculty of religion at Claremont Graduate School, Dr. Hough is a Baptist minister who has served churches in Tennessee and Virginia.

Are you constantly being invited to make use of more credit than you could possibly pay off? Do you know how much interest you pay on a "revolving" charge account? Or on an auto loan? Is the soap in the largest package really the best buy?

Sidney Margolius covers the whole field of consumer prices and credit costs in *The Innocent Consumer Vs. The Exploiters* (Trident Press, \$4.95).

A. Q. Mowbray zeroes in on the intricacies of shopping for food and other supplies for the home in *The Thumb On The Scale, or The Supermarket Shell Game* (Lippincott, \$4.95). You might save some money by buying these books, but their chief value is to make you aware of the jungle the consumer faces when he makes a purchase and what underlies the new government emphasis on the problems of the consumer.

Nine-year-old Ulla Lundgren found everything strange when her family moved to the United States, and felt herself getting prickly all over, sulky, and unhappy. Gunilla Norris tells about Ulla's struggle to learn English and make a friend in *A Feast of Light* (Knopf, \$3.95). It is a good story for boys and girls Ulla's age.

Helen Doss does a sensitive job of attempting to answer a young child's questioning in *Where Can I Find God?* (Abingdon, \$3.25). Frank Aloise's drawings are expressive of the reflective mood of the questioner and the far-reaching nature of the answers. This is a good book to help parents explain to small fry that God is everywhere. —BARNABAS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

NEARLY everything in our economy has to be sold. A salesman can always get a job no matter what the general employment situation is, and advertising has become not only a business but an art. How to get people to want something they do not need, or how to get a good honest product known to thousands of consumers—that is the object.

Books, of course, have to be sold and, from the standpoint of a publishing company, the man who can sell them must be nearly as important as the man who writes them. But, there came to my desk a while ago a paper-covered book clearly marked "Not for Sale" and announcing it was to be published in May of 1968. I am always a little on the suspicious side and I wondered if this was actually as good as the publishers thought it was. I started to read it and got so enthralled that I went through the whole prepublication copy in a hurry. In short, I liked it and now pass the word along to you.

I have been speaking of **RED SKY AT MORNING** by Richard Bradford (Lippincott, \$4.95). This is a first novel and my guess is that it will be a winner. I am sure I am not the only one who will be reminded at least faintly of *Catcher in the Rye*. This, too, is about a teen-age boy and his family. It has a laconic matter-of-fact way of dealing with life during the war in America that I found entirely satisfactory.

Joshua Arnold's father owns a shipyard in Mobile, Alabama. He has volunteered for the Navy and before leaving he takes his wife and Josh to a little Spanish town, in the high mountains of New Mexico, where they had visited in the summer. Commander Arnold thinks it is the best place for Josh and his mother until he gets back. It is far removed from the war, and life goes on pretty much as it had been going for hundreds of years.

Joshua, a realistic youngster, sees through the pretense and hypocrisy

with which we are all surrounded. His comments are sharp and to the point, and his point of view regarding race relations is unsentimental, un hypocritical, and very refreshing. He is quite at home with the Latin American youngsters although some give him a bad time.

At school he meets the son of a doctor who becomes his close friend, another boy whose father has a car for dating adventures; the Presbyterian minister's daughter who speaks so frankly that she embarrasses the boys; and a Spanish kid who seems bent on beating him up. Mr. Arnold has arranged with a Spanish couple, Excilda and Amadeo who have a large family themselves, to cook and look after the place.

Here is the world of adolescence which Mark Twain discovered for America when he wrote his books about Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. It is a world that never grows old and has a renewing, exciting quality for even senior citizens.

There are adults in this book seen through the sharp eyes of Joshua. An amoral artist who was a friend of his father's becomes his friend, and there is a psychiatrist and his wife whose little boy likes to answer the phone and sing songs. There is the Spanish "tough guy" always seeking to protect his sister from any bad language and bad companions because she is going to be a nun. There is an adventure in a mountain village.

I thought as I read the book that it makes little difference whether the scene is laid in New Mexico, New England, or the South for the currents and cross-currents of a small town show people are about the same.

Josh has some big problems because a ne'er-do-well—but phony—relative has come to live with them. His mother thinks that the visitor must be treated with great care and Josh can do nothing but observe and wait. The mother becomes an alcoholic, indeed, a kind of wino, in her loneliness, but you will be glad to know

that finally things work out well. A boy grows up fast in some places and this happens to Josh just before he takes the bus for San Diego to enlist before the war ends.

The great relationship is between the boy and his father who writes him a letter once in a while from the ship in the Atlantic. They are close together in a relationship of tolerance, understanding, and admiration.

So many books about teen-agers are "cute" or profess a wisdom that always sounds somewhat stilted and exaggerated. *Red Sky at Morning* escapes these traps and reveals a world stripped of its pretense and hypocrisy as seen through the fresh eyes of a boy. There are some bad words here and there, but anybody who remembers his own childhood will remember that bad words were often a part of it. As you can tell, I liked the book very much and my prophecy is that the \$10,000 Lippincott says they committed to an initial advertising appropriation was a good investment. But my prophecies are not always trustworthy. I said that Rabbi Liebman's *Peace of Mind* published many years ago would never amount to much. So much for my prophesying ability.

Let me mention briefly a book that I read many months ago. It is **THE NINETY AND NINE** by William Brinkley (Doubleday, \$5.95). Brinkley is a minister's son and, of course, that prejudices me at once in his favor. But he writes about navy affairs with humor and drama. In this book he told the story of LST 1826 on its run from Naples to Anzio. It is full of action and danger with a love story between a lieutenant and an Army nurse and another one between a seaman and an Italian girl (he has been smuggling supplies to keep her from starving).

I am sorry I was so long in bringing it to your attention, but unless you are one who delights in mentioning only the latest book, I do not think you will mind very much. □



The church, the town, and the deaconess: Thousands of miles from her native Philippines, Miss Ester Asuncion finds herself in Waverly, a typical middle Tennessee community, where she is spending a year of study and observation with United Methodists in urban and rural areas.

Filipino Deaconess in a 'Foreign Land'

Text by **Herman B. Teeter** / Photographs by **George P. Miller**

"WHAT KIND of house do you live in, Miss Ester?"

"Oh, about the same kind as yours."

"Do you have many bicycles in the Philippines?"

"A great many, and Hondas, too."

"Are there many picture shows?"

"Yes, and I have seen some very good American films—*The Sound of Music* and *Gone With the Wind*, for example."

"Do you have a lot of flowers where you live?"

"Many kinds like yours, except we have orchids."

"Say your last name for us again, Miss Ester."

"Ah-soon-see-OHIN."

The Tennessee children laughed merrily, and the

flood of questions continued as Ester Asuncion, United Methodist exchange deaconess from the Philippines, became acquainted with another group of American boys and girls—and they with her.

Multiply the questions by several hundred, and that's the way it has been for the 28-year-old church and community worker during nearly a year in the Waverly area of Humphreys County, Tenn. She replaces Deaconess Anne McKenzie who is serving Ester's district abroad.

Waverly is an attractive little town near Kentucky Lake, an area justly famed for horses, corn, fine catfish, hush puppies, country ham, and fishing resorts. In



When Ester leaves Waverly in September, Mrs. Violetta Slayden will not have forgotten the kind, accented voice—the warm and friendly hands—that came visiting one raw day in winter. But she will not know how her guest looks because Mrs. Slayden, 84, is blind.

many ways, the town with its tree-arched streets and courthouse in the square could be anybody's hometown. But Ester admits she arrived with apprehensions. The brown-skinned deaconess had been cautioned by "others" that her reception in Humphreys County probably would be cool.

"How wrong they were!" she declares. "People here have been so friendly, hospitable, and loving."

A small woman who carries herself proudly, but seems somewhat shy, Ester adapted rather easily to Tennessee life. Like many Filipinos, she is acquainted with Americans and their ways.

Ester grew up on the island of Mindanao, where her



Out on the circuit with her counselor and advisor, the Rev. George Jones, pastor at Waverly (shown with his young son), Ester inspects a hand pump that has drawn water for members of the Blue Creek Church since 1912. Below, a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Bass, an elderly couple, ends with a prayer by Mr. Jones.





father "harvests three crops of rice and corn a year" (much to the amazement of Tennessee farmers who talk to her). She attended grade school and college, and was impressed by the work the church had undertaken among the people.

"Challenged by what I had seen the church doing," she became a deaconess at 20, and was active in local work, preaching, Christian education, and as a conference deaconess. In Tennessee, she not only studied part time at Scarritt College, Nashville, but has appeared before numerous Humphreys County farm and town groups. She likes to challenge laymen to assume more active roles in church affairs, as many lay people in the Philippines are doing.

At least one such deaconess exchange is anticipated each quadrennium, according to Miss Betty Letzig,



Appearance to the contrary, Ester is not a pianist, although she enjoys plunking out simple tunes. Her favorite hobby is stamp collecting, which she began several years ago. While in Waverly she is house guest of Judge and Mrs. Lunn McKeel.

"He keeps a mighty sharp ax!" is one way of complimenting any woodcutter, so Ester tries her hand at splitting kindling. Then she is shown the way it should be done by the expert himself.

town and country director, National Division, United Methodist Board of Missions. "In these days it is important for us to understand other cultures," she says, explaining that Ester and Miss McKenzie were chosen as most representative among deaconesses, and were adaptable to other people and cultures. The program is financed by the Commission on Deaconess Work.

"Ester's presence among us is the most satisfying experience I have ever had with a visitor from another land," says the Rev. George K. Jones, pastor of Waverly's First United Methodist Church.

Many of the people she met in Humphreys County feel the same, and surely most of them will remember the simple message she left with them:

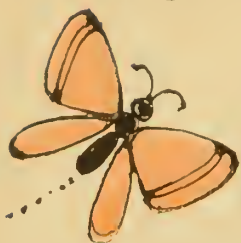
"God made us what we are. I am glad I was born. God gave us talents, and he expects us to use them." □



Long accustomed to a more balmy clime, she keeps the flames roaring in a fireplace at the McKeel home. The warm coat she wears in other pictures was purchased after her arrival.

During her eight years as a deaconess in the Philippines, Ester did a great deal of work with young people. But she was surprised by the Tennessee boys and girls, who listened attentively to her message and then laid down a barrage of questions about herself and her homeland.





Summer Fun

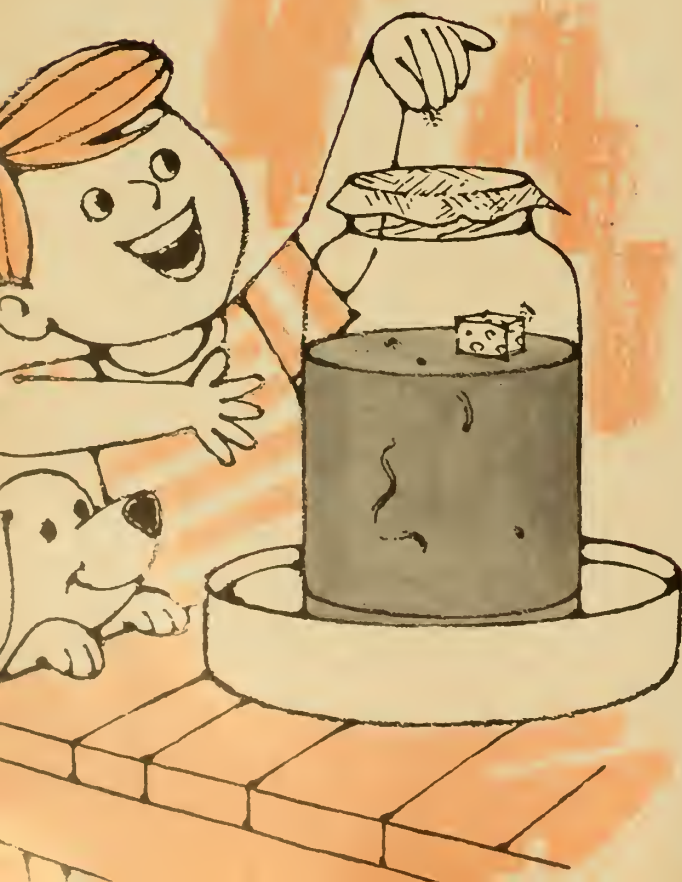


The Shape of a Day

*Thank you, God, for the shape of a day,
The round, round sun that brightens play,
My straight-line walk, my square of lawn,
And the curve of smiles I look upon.
For the pinpoint stars that spark the night,
For your circle of love that holds me tight.
Thank you, God, for the shape of a day.*

—Theo Elizabeth Gilchrist

Start an Ant Farm



THERE is much to be thankful for on a beautiful summer day. All nature is bright and busy just waiting for you to come and see. The ant world is one of the most active and is certainly fun to watch. Why not start your own ant farm?

Fill a quart jar three-quarters full of moist soil (not sand). Using a large spoon, scoop up 15 to 20 big red or black ants and drop them into your jar. It is not necessary to find the queen ant. Cover the jar mouth with gauze or other thin cloth, and set the jar in a pan of water. Even if the ants get out of the jar they cannot escape, because they can't swim.

Now add a small piece of water-soaked sponge. This is to be the ants' drinking fountain. You will need to put a few drops of water on it each day. For food, add about one-half teaspoon of sugar each day—just a little pile on top of the dirt. Or add a few crumbs from a plain cookie or bits of bread soaked in syrup.

By the second day your ants will have made tunnels in their new jar farm. You can see the tunnels through the glass sides of the jar. The ants will be busy at work, moving dirt, or carrying food. Perhaps you can learn some interesting things about these busy little creatures.

—Jo Carr

Summer Home for a Grasshopper

HAVE YOU ever had a chance to watch a grasshopper close at hand? A hot summer day would be just right for finding a grasshopper and making him a comfortable home. Before you start your search for the grasshopper, get his house ready.

You will need two jars. The top one should be quart size; the lower one may be shorter and squatty. Fill the lower jar about three-quarters full of water.

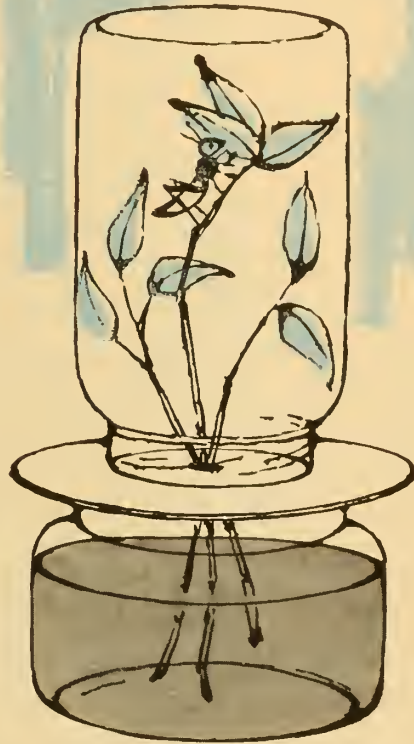
Cut out a round saucer-size disk from heavy cardboard—such as the side of a grocery carton. Cut a hole in the center of the disk about the size of a 50-cent piece. Place the disk over the lower jar as though it were a lid.

Now comes the grasshopper hunt! Take your quart jar with you and look on twigs and branches or in nearby fields. When you find one, drop him in the jar. Find three or four little branches (perhaps from the bush he was on as it might be his favorite flavor). Stick the branches through the disk into the lower jar. The water will keep them green and fresh while the cardboard keeps your pet from falling in the water.

Turn the upper jar with the grasshopper in it upside down over the disk. Now you can watch your new pet.

Once he gets used to his new home, he will munch on the fresh leaves and hop around. When you have enjoyed watching him for a few days, you will want to let him go free again.

—Jo Carr



Finish

Skate Slalom

ON A smooth, clear sidewalk draw with chalk a series of the symbols shown, making a good obstacle course for roller skaters. Remember to put down enough regular skating lines to get your balance where needed before twirl circles, hop-over lines, and other maneuvers. Skate down the sidewalk slowly at first, doing exactly what the symbols show. As you become accustomed to the course, you can pick up speed.

You and your friends can time each other or skate along the course just for fun. You might try your own summertime Olympics.

—Packy McCrory

SYMBOLS

Skate as usual on one foot and then the other.



Straddle.



Hop over the lines on both skates.



Skate between the sets of lines on both skates.



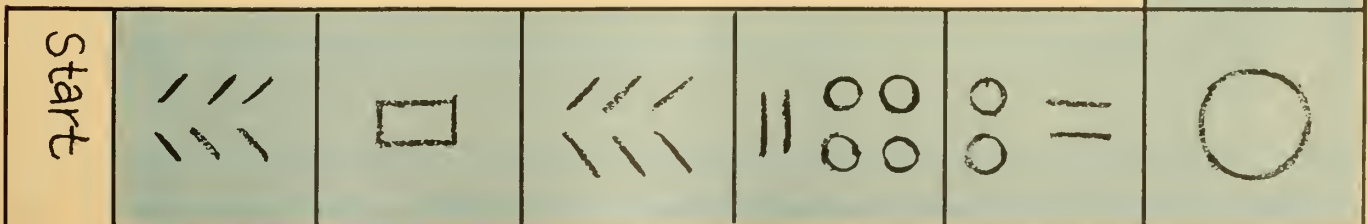
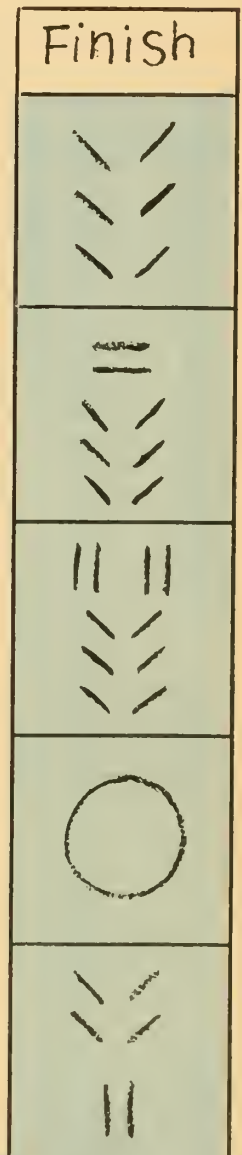
Skate between the lines on one skate.



Step into circles with one skate or the other.



Twirl around slowly.





Letters

Message to Lawmakers

LOYD S. WHITBECK
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Thank you for *Prophet Without Honor* [June, page 15]. Perhaps other United Methodists would care to join in this message to their senators and congressmen: In the history of nations, false pride and selfishness have been killers second to none. In the name of God help us to get out of Viet Nam and to get on with the war on poverty.

Troublemaker, Not a Martyr

PHILIP A. JOHNSON
Sheridan, Ind.

I reject and disagree with almost all that you said in your editorial *Prophet Without Honor*.

You state that Martin Luther King was murdered because of his ideals and convictions. He was, according to news reports, murdered by a convicted felon who couldn't have cared less about Dr. King's ideals or convictions, and who could have just as easily murdered you or me in a holdup or an armed robbery.

You state that the man with the rifle was and is sick. I agree. However, you go on to say that our society made him so. This statement smells like a skunk. I had absolutely nothing to do with this felon, nor did my family, my church, or the people of my community. When you say "society," you include me and all the rest of America. It would be more accurate to blame this felon's mother or his father or his minister or his church or his community, if blame must be placed.

Dr. King was a troublemaker, not a martyr. Violence, looting, arson, rape, and disrespect for the law followed wherever he held one of his so-called nonviolent marches. As far as I am concerned, Dr. King was personally responsible for every Negro and every policeman killed during a riot because of his almost total disregard for our laws.

I do not condone the cheers that came when Dr. King's death was announced because it is a terrible thing when any man is murdered. But I did grumble

because of the excessive TV and news coverage of his funeral. He just wasn't that important or great. Why not give the same coverage to every serviceman killed in our country's defense? They are defending our country while it seemed Dr. King was trying to tear it down.

You ask, "Must our society be torn down to end its injustices?" You seem to think that the Negro is the only one to whom an injustice was ever done. What about the Irish, the Poles, the Italians, and all the others that ever immigrated to our country? They dug in, worked hard, obtained an education, and bettered themselves. The Negro, with some exceptions, seems content to sit on his hands and do nothing but collect welfare or to riot, loot, and commit arson if the mood strikes him. I admit that injustices seem to have been the rule, rather than the exception, where the Negro is concerned, but rioting, looting, and arson do not correct the injustices.

And what about our American Indians and Mexican-Americans? I don't hear you crying any tears for the injustices that are being done to them—or to the Chinese-Americans in their time, or the Japanese-Americans in theirs.

Finally, I submit that the statement that society is responsible for John F. Kennedy's death or Dr. King's is the type of fuzzy-brained, theological-type thinking that is partially responsible for the conditions that our country is in today—financially, morally, and physically.

King Tribute: Wasted Paper

HARDIN FRANKS
Alton, Mo.

Your article on Martin Luther King in the June issue, to say the least, was a waste of paper. King had no business in Memphis. The garbage collectors were unreasonable in their demands. When he made the march in Memphis, he knew there would be trouble, and he should have had some of his own people scattered through the mob to keep down trouble. But when trouble broke out, the coward ran. Everywhere he went there was trouble.

In his speeches, he said, "I'll lead you to the Promised Land." There isn't any Promised Land. Willie Mays, Curt Flood, Lou Brock, Wilt Chamberlain, George Washington Carver, and all other great Negro athletes, singers, congressmen, doctors, and others did not get where they are by marching. They got there by hard work and overcoming difficult problems. We all know people from "the wrong side of the tracks," both white and black, who by work and faith have made a place for themselves.

I feel sorry for the man who shot King and pray for him. I do not condone this way of doing things, but I feel he did the country, black and white both, a big service. If he is ever caught, I believe most of the people will be on his side and will give him a lot of help to clear himself.

Marches Don't Change Hearts

MRS. DEAN WADE
Carlyle, Ill.

After reading *More Violence This Summer?* [June, page 5], I am wondering just where the new brand of ministry by the churches and a new breed of ministers will lead us.

I believe that all men are created equal and should have equal opportunities. But I am disturbed at the actions some of our United Methodist bishops and clergymen are taking.

After seeing Father James Groppi on television, I am embarrassed to have the names of United Methodists linked with him. His language was such that the station later apologized for it, and the apology was also in the newspaper.

Marching and encouraging civil disobedience are not going to change the hearts of men.

Another June article, *You Are the One*, by William H. Dickinson [page 43] is very good.

Do Poor Want to Work?

MURIEL BUTCHER
Gulfport, Miss.

In *Old Enemy: New Battle* [May, page 4], you quote former Office of Economic Opportunity Director R. Sargent Shriver as saying that the rich and middle-class Americans think the poor are lazy and shiftless, don't want to work, enjoy being on welfare and getting handouts.

I would like to tell you why the poor middle-class man believes this.

A contractor I know wished to build some chickenhouses for his middle-class neighbors, so he hired several poor men to do the work. He paid \$8 a day. They worked two days a week though they could have worked five or six. They said that on one of the days they had to go get commodities, another day they went for unemployment checks, and



who wants to know?

. about the role of The United Methodist Church in the community, nation, world about its work today and plans for tomorrow?

Older Adults Do! Often the decision makers of a local church are from this group. They need to know what the church is saying, doing. Now, more than anytime in life, they have time to read. The

children are reared, educated and have families of their own. Days are not filled with chores necessary to provide food, lodging and mobility. There are periods for meditation; time for doing what they have planned for so many years.

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Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were the weekend.

Another man hired a worker who showed up a couple of days then asked time off for important business. When he came back he said, "If I worked as steady as you do, I couldn't get unemployment checks. You're crazy, man. Why work five days a week when the government will pay you to enjoy yourself?"

Because I know these people, I am inclined to think Mr. Shriver is wrong. The poor would rather let the government support them than work.

Christianity, Justice Inseparable

THOMAS J. MAXWELL
California Lutheran College
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Three letters in the May issue of *TOGETHER* bother me—those written by Debra Harsh [*Presidential Poll Next?* page 69], Eldon L. Smith [*Who Speaks for Methodists?* page 70], and Mrs. F. C. Schultz [*Conservative Views Ignored*, page 72].

I may not be replying to any one of them, but their views seem to reflect a strange reaction in America: to be much more concerned about communism than about injustice. I may be conservative in many areas, but I cannot remain with the status quo, nor remain silent, when I see injustice being practiced.

Neither can I separate Christianity from the pursuit of justice. So it is as a Christian that I seek the eradication of poverty, of ethnocentric prejudices, and of racial bigotry. God's right world can be created by you and me. Jesus preached a social gospel.

'Undermining Our Country'

MRS. EVELYN KENNALEY
Moorpark, Calif.

Your issues have been having subtle, unpatriotic articles creeping in, undermining our country and our sons in military service. Could it be that you are so open-minded that you are beginning to sound empty-headed?

Wisdom of 'Getting Involved'

MRS. GEORGE NAFZIGER
Springfield, Ill.

May I commend you and Lawrence Warner, author of *Memorial Day Reflections* [June, page 23]. Having a brother presently stationed in Viet Nam, I read Mr. Warner's article with special interest. May every soldier everywhere return home with the wisdom set forth in this article—to "get . . . involved with people."

Congratulations on a fine magazine. Your articles are both stimulating and thought-provoking—mostly because,

thank goodness, I don't always agree with them!

Many Don't Want to Know

IVA CONNER
Sand Springs, Okla.

Thank you for the understanding article *My Gift From the Parish* by Thelma L. Beach in the May issue [page 42].

I wish every United Methodist who thinks problems of the ghetto can be solved by one simple solution would read it. I refer to such ideas as "Take them off welfare"; "Sterilization"; and "Make them go to work!" The problems are economic and spiritual, educational and emotional.

Too few middle-class people know what a ghetto is really like. Many don't want to find out; it is too depressing.

It depresses me, too, when I receive answers to my requests for *TOGETHER* subscriptions such as: "We're taking so many magazines now." They name good ones, but not those of their church. Some criticize the church publications for being "somewhat to the left."

What does the New Testament say about Jesus' position? Wasn't he "somewhat to the left" in his time?



"Jennifer was in the Peace Corps two years."

Money Loss Not Most Serious

RUTH M. TRICE
Hobbs, N.Mex.

I would like to reply to Leonard R. Kuhn's letter in the June issue [*Where Is Church Going?* page 69] regarding his concern with the church's interest in the reformation of society. Mr. Kuhn says that "the church needs to start with the individual" and expresses the fear that his church may lose members who object to their money's being spent by the connectional church.

I wonder how many of these members have accepted graciously a next-door neighbor of a different race, have given of their time to teach skills to

the poor and unskilled, have opened their homes as foster parents to unadoptable children, have worked with church visitation teams in slum areas, have campaigned openly for the passage of just laws and the repeal of unjust laws? Or have their "individual" Christian consciences allowed them to look the other way and refuse to become involved?

If there are so many thousands of individuals who have been inspired by Billy Graham to be "saved," why aren't there that many thousands involved in making the kingdom of God a reality on this earth? It is the preaching of a selfish "it's just between God and me and I've got my ticket to heaven" religion that has failed.

I'm not too worried about the loss of those members Mr. Kuhn is concerned about. If they take their Christian commitment seriously and are actively involved in ministering to others, they will continue to do so; if not, then the church has lost only money. It is not the loss of money that can kill the church, but the loss of concern for others.

Dealing With Social Problems

KAYE TEFFETELLER
Alcoa, Tenn.

Being a fairly new reader of yours, I would like to commend you on the magazine's recent issues. They have dealt with our current social problems in a most interesting and informing way. Sometimes reading a good article might change a person's point of view more than would a conversation with the individual or a Sunday sermon.

At last The United Methodist Church, or at least *TOGETHER*, seems to be saying what it takes to be a Christian in today's world.

Power May Prove Destructive

HARVEY R. UNTIEDT
Bellwood, Ill.

Newspaper articles about the Uniting Conference in Dallas stated that the delegates endorsed Project Equality and that they supported the decision of the Board of Missions to remove the \$10 million investment fund of its National Division from the First National City Bank of New York. [For further reports on these actions see *A Union and Much More*, July, page 5.—Eds.]

By these actions The United Methodist Church is committed to the practice of persuasion by economic power. This often is a most attractive alternative among those available to help persuade. I believe representatives of our church have set into motion forces, the ultimate effects of which they

cannot control, and which time will prove destructive.

Inconsistent on Alcohol

ARTHUR HOLTRY, *Pastor*
The United Methodist Church
Sutherland and Larrabee, Iowa

One can get almost bitterly amused at the attitude expressed in Methodist publications toward strong drink. The May issue of *TOGETHER* unsuspectingly points up a great inconsistency.

Page 7 (*NCC Appoints Task Force/On Alcohol Problems*) reports a study being made on problem drinking by the National Council of Churches with Methodists included in the study group.

Page 11 (*Board Asks Rule Changes/On Drinking, Smoking*) reports a petition from the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns urging a more permissive attitude toward drinking on the part of ministers and laymen.

Page 22 (*Our Common Frontier Heritage*) speaks of the "notorious vices of the frontier" which included drunkenness.

Alcoholic drink can easily be shown to be the most destructive single force on the earth, and why the church should be concerned to defend and encourage one of its worst enemies is something I cannot understand.

Methodist Tenets Abandoned

MRS. BEN WESTROM
Plainview, Nebr.

A lifelong Methodist, I am very much disappointed to read in the newspapers that The United Methodist Church has abandoned the tenets set forth in *TOGETHER's* March article, *Where The Methodist Church Stands* [page 19].

I refer particularly to the material under the heading "General Welfare" [page 20] pertaining to the use of alcohol and tobacco. This is especially disturbing at a time when alcohol contributes so much to this country's traffic-death problem and tobacco is linked to lung cancer.

Calling these tenets "legalistic" is only a cover-up for giving in to popular demand.

For *TOGETHER's* report on Uniting Conference action on these issues, see July, page 13. Deletion from the United Methodist Discipline of requirements that ministers pledge to refrain from using alcohol and tobacco did not alter Part III of the Discipline which includes this statement from the Methodist Social Creed: "We believe that the Christian principle of love for God and neighbor calls us to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages . . ."

A new resolution adopted by the Uniting Conference adds: "The United Methodist Church asserts its funda-



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By Wilson O. Weldon

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mental concern with the problems of alcohol and affirms its conviction that the choice to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages is sound and is a wise witness to God's liberating and redeeming love for mankind."

Another new resolution pertaining to addictive drugs and tobacco called for "intensive programs to demonstrate the link between smoking and disease"; expressed concern about the portrayal of smoking in advertisements; endorsed the principle of equal television time for health agencies to publicize the disease implications of tobacco; and urged removal of tobacco from the federal crop-subsidy program.—EDITORS

Power of Prayer Is Real

MRS. J. M. GOLDEN

Oakdale, Calif.

As I read the Rev. Roger Bourland's *Have We Outgrown Prayer?* [May, page 55], I longed to cry out for Mr. Bourland and the millions who answer his question affirmatively: "My God! My God! Make yourself known to all your children who are not experiencing the power of prayer."

Then I realized that it is not to God that I must plead but to all the Christians whose God is so small that they have never found the wonder of praying with him. God is seeking all men, and my tears are for the anguish he must feel as his pleas fall on deaf ears and on hearts calloused by pride and sophistication.

Since time began, men have turned their backs on God, depending solely on their own intellects and desires. Still he is patient, still loving. Still his goodness abounds to us. Still he forgives our unbelief and pours his grace upon us. My sadness is for all men who do not feel this within their being.

Democratic Way Misunderstood

CHARLES D. COOK, Treasurer

Delaware County

Delhi, N.Y.

The statement of the Board of Christian Social Concerns regarding the right to refrain from voting when "no reasonable choice is available" betrays a lack of understanding of the democratic process. [See *Board Asks Rule Changes on Drinking, Smoking*, May, page 11.]

Few decisions are based on absolutes. Most questions must be decided on the basis of relative good or relative bad.

Dogmatism may be desirable in a vacuum, but it does not operate very well in interrelationship with other dogmatism. Suppose, for example, that a very weak civil-rights bill were proposed in Congress. Should a represen-

tative vote for the bill and gain whatever slight benefit it might provide? Or should he refuse to participate on the ground that the bill offers no "reasonable choice"?

It may be more important for the Christian to make conscientious choices between relatively undesirable alternatives than between relatively desirable ones. If two good candidates are running for an office, it may make little difference which is elected. If two poor candidates are running, it may be very important that the better one be elected, even if he is not a "reasonable choice."

We have long been critical of people who condemn the church's failures and use that as their excuse for refusing to participate. It would be most unfortunate if Christians should use the same excuse for avoiding their obligation to participate in the hard decisions of our society.

Cover Inspired a Rug

MELVIN E. LUTZ, Pastor

Lake United Methodist Church

Rochester, N.Y.

You may be interested in the enclosed picture, showing a result of your February cover illustration.

The February cover depicted a Rhodesian artist and an artistic cross dis-



played at the Christian Arts Workshop which was described on pages 55-60 of the February issue.

My mother, Mrs. Irene Lutz, who is 82, designed and made a hand-hooked rug, using your cover illustration as a model. She resides with me, and the rug now hangs on the fireplace wall here in the pastoral residence.

Yes, we certainly are interested to learn of Mrs. Lutz's artistry—and pleased that a *TOGETHER* cover provided the inspiration for this lovely piece of work.—EDITORS

Without Miracles, What's Left?

PAUL V. BECK

Tulsa, Okla.

In the June issue of *Your Faith and Your Church* [page 54], under the question "What happened to the Fundamentalists?" Bishop T. Otto Nall states that "Christian beliefs have undergone some deep-sea changes in recent years." His reference to fundamentalism's "literalistic interpretation of the Bible" indicates that he does not believe in "exceptional and extraordinary activities" such as the Resurrection of Jesus, the virgin birth, or the feeding of the five thousand.

If you leave miracles out of the Bible, what do you have left? Those like Bishop Nall who turn down the miraculous never should have entered the ministry. They worship natural science. They are really pantheists and do not believe in a personal God.

I believe in both the Bible and in evolution. I believe it took God longer than six days to make the earth. And without a personal God to direct evolution, man never would have been created. But once accepting evolution, I refuse to make natural science my God.

Appreciation from Australia

TREVOR FOOTE

Methodist Manse

Broome, Western Australia

I appreciate the quality of your magazine. We have nothing in Australia to compare with it.

I would be interested in corresponding with any of your churches or readers who would like to know something of the work of the Methodist Inland Mission in this country. I am a "patrol padre" based in Broome and covering the Kimberleys of Western Australia, an area of 86,000 square miles. If any of your readers have old copies of *TOGETHER* or other good Christian magazines, I can use them in my ministry to the cattle and sheep stations, the iron-ore communities, the prison, and hospitals.

One of Art Linkletter's properties, Anna Plains, is in my area, and I visit it and conduct services there. It covers a million acres and more. There are other Americans from Montana on two other million-acre properties out from Derley to whom I also minister.

Poet Partial to Squirrels

ELAINE V. EMANS

Minneapolis, Minn.

My May copy of *TOGETHER* has arrived, and I want you to know that I am delighted with the color photo used to illustrate my poem *Discovery* [page 73]. It is lovely—and I am partial to squirrels.



Brink of Wonder

By Margie Halliday

A rising wall of mist
Pearls the leaves and grass;
Steeped in haze, the ravine
Brews morning.
A small wind blows
Pine-scent to me.
I stand upon the brink
Of wonder
And watch the day
Unfold.



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